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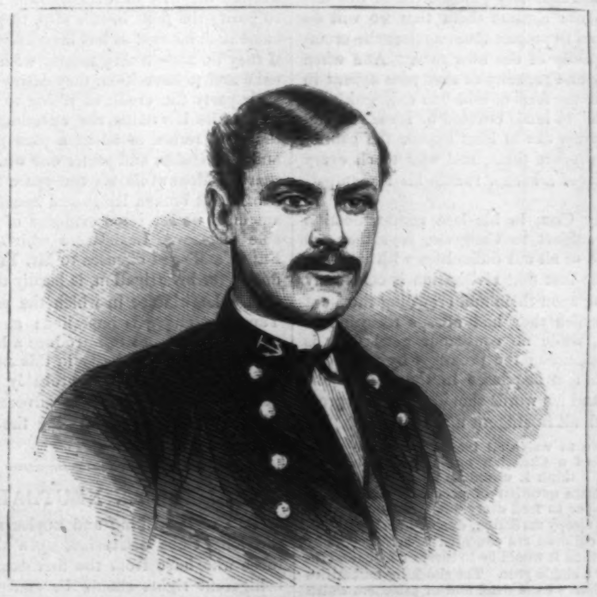
ENSIGN COPP, OF THE "ONEIDA."

We give on this page a portrait of Charles A. Copp, of the *Oneida*, whose name, with that of his Captain, has been added to the list of heroic men who died rather than leave the post of duty. After the collision with the *Bombay*—our readers will pardon the repetition of the story—his solicitude for the sick who were under his charge was worthy of his warm and generous heart. After seeing all the invalid seamen on board the cutter, he went below to his station. A comrade called to him to come up, as the ship was sinking. He replied, "No; I am stationed here, and can not come until relieved." Scarcely had he spoken those noble words when the *Oneida* sunk beneath the waves.

This brave officer was born in Troy, New York, July 25, 1847. At the age of fifteen, while a clerk in New York, he enlisted in the United States navy, and passed a year in the blockading fleet off Charleston Harbor, where he acquired a practical knowledge of modern naval warfare.

An appointment to the Naval Academy was sent to him while on board the *Monadnock*, which he was inclined to refuse, fearing he was too rusty in his studies to pass the required examination. His officers, who admired his manly ways and seaman-like qualities, urged him to accept; and one of them, Lieutenant-Commander Joseph N. Miller, even threatened, if he refused, to reduce him from a petty office to which he had been promoted. He was complimented at Newport on his examination in mathematics, and immediately on entering the school became champion for his younger and weaker fellow "plebs" in their usual encounters with upper classmen. He was one of the movers in an organized defense, and for some time was president of his class. During his course he studied just enough to pass the several examinations, giving his attention to the practical branches, and excelling in all manly sports. He was a leading member of the ball and boat clubs, was a splendid swordsman, and the best boxer at the Academy. He was graduated with his class in June, 1868, and in October following was ordered to report to Admiral Rowan, of the Asiatic Squadron. He served on the flag-ship *Delaware* until October, 1869, when he was transferred to the *Idaho*, and came near death when that vessel was caught by a typhoon and broken almost in two. He was on his way home for examination for promotion when the disaster to the *Oneida* occurred.

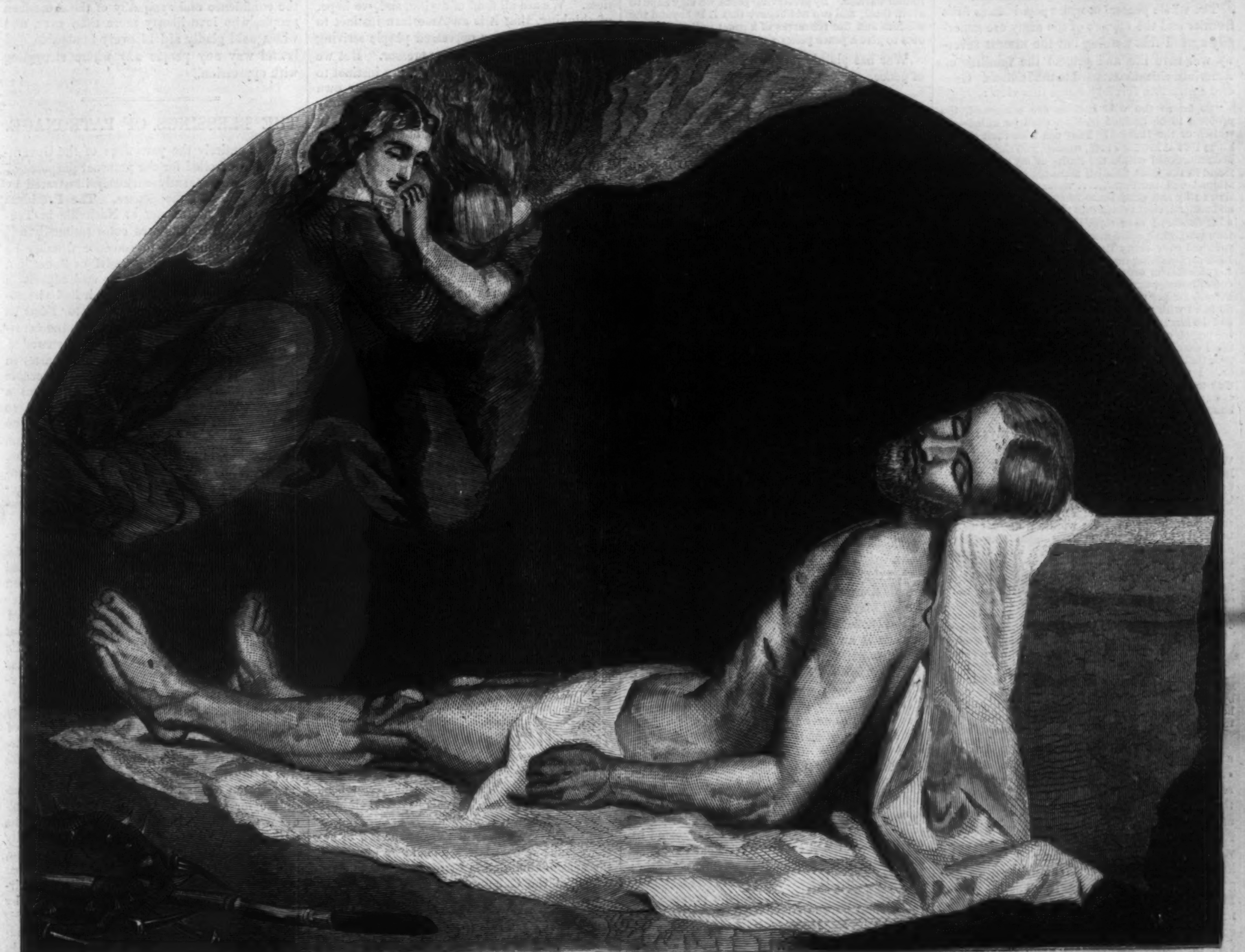
Report speaks well of him as an officer. His magnificent physique gave him a commanding presence, and his noble bearing won the respect of all with whom he came in contact. He had rare executive ability, and a tone of command that caused every order to be instantly obeyed. He was a genial companion, a sympathetic friend, and a loving, devoted son and brother. By his death the United States navy has lost one of its most promising officers.



ENSIGN COPP, OF THE "ONEIDA."

THE MISSING STEAMER.

Since the reported arrival of the *City of Boston* at Queenstown, telegraphed from London on the 16th of March, turned out to be a cruel hoax, the hope that we shall ever receive tidings of the missing steamer is but faint indeed. She sailed from this port on the 26th of January, and two days later touched at Halifax, on her way to Queenstown; and has not been seen or heard of since that date. A passenger by the *Russia*, which sailed from this port four days after the *City of Boston* left Halifax, reports a heavy gale, which the missing steamer must have encountered at its height. He writes: "During the latter half of our passage we were beset by a most ugly, tempestuous sea—such a one as, in four previous passages across the Atlantic, I had not known. The wind was ahead, and continued so up to the very port of Liverpool. We



IN THE SEPULCHRE.—[From a Painting by M. Claxton.]

were constantly shipping the most tremendous seas, and our noble vessel, strong and steady and magnificent as she is, seemed yet put to her utmost resources to hold her position. It was, indeed, a stormy time; and instead of making the passage in nine days, as is usual with the *Russia*, we were eleven. I have no doubt that this was the weather from which the *City of Boston* suffered. She probably encountered the storm several days before we did, and it may then have been even yet more violent. I can not imagine how a vessel could make her way through such a sea without being very strong and perfect in all her parts. If there was any weak spot in her machinery it must inevitably have succumbed. If, therefore, the steering apparatus of the *City of Boston* was defective, as is alleged, she was no doubt disabled by this weather, and may be lost." It is to be feared that these apprehensions will prove to be too well founded, and that the *City of Boston* will be added to the list of those ill-fated steamers that have gone down in mid-ocean, leaving none to tell the story of their doom.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, April 2, 1870.

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A POLICY OF PEACE.

THE facts of the Piegan expedition are these: The Piegans had been wantonly ravaging and murdering in Montana, and General Sheridan on the 4th of November received permission from General Sherman to punish them, believing that "a good hard blow" would make peace desirable to the Indians. General Sheridan gave orders for an expedition, which left Fort Shaw, in Montana, on the 19th of January, under command of Colonel Baker. On the 23d it surprised the Piegan camp, killed 173 Indians, captured more than 100 women and 300 horses, and destroyed 44 lodges. It seems that small-pox was raging among the Indians, which, of course, could not be known to Colonel Baker. It now appears also that of the 173 killed 33 were men, 90 were women, and 50 were children, none of the last twelve years old, and many of them in their mothers' arms. It was a terrific blow, which, of course, can have no other effect than to make the hatred of the Indians toward the whites more deadly, and which must strengthen the tendency either to a policy of extermination upon our part or to a total change of our Indian management.

The whole peaceable white population of the frontier and the officers of the army are generally agreed that nothing but the utmost severity will save life and protect the families of American citizens exposed to the Indians. General Sheridan forcibly states this view:

> "So far as the wild Indians are concerned, the problem to be decided is, Who shall be killed—the whites or the Indians? They can take their choice. Since 1862 at least 800 men, women, and children have been murdered within the limits of my present command in the most fiendish manner—the men usually scalped and mutilated,..... women ravished, sometimes fifty and sixty times in succession, then killed and scalped, sticks stuck into their persons before and after death. I have myself conversed with one woman who, while some months gone in pregnancy, was ravished over thirty times successively by different Indians, becoming insensible two or three times during this fearful ordeal, and each time, on recovering consciousness, mutely appealing for mercy, if not for herself, for her unborn child. Also another woman, ravished with more fearful brutality over fifty times, and the last Indian sticking the point of his sabre into the person of the woman. I could give the names of these women were it not for delicacy. It would appear that Mr. Vincent Colyer wants this work to go on. I mention these two cases especially because they came under my own personal examination, and can give them as an example of what has occurred to hundreds of others."

Again, in his report, the General says:

> "The Indians have run riot along the lines of our Western settlement and the emigrant and commercial lines of travel for many years, murdering and plundering without any adequate punishment, and the Government has heretofore sought to give protection to some of its best interests by making presents to these savages, or, in other words, while it found it necessary to enact the most stringent laws for the government of the civilized whites, it was attempting to govern a wild, brutal, and savage people without any laws at all, or the infliction of any punishment for the most heinous crimes. The system was not a success. If a man commits murder or robs we hang him or send him to the penitentiary. If an Indian does the same we have been in the habit of giving him more blankets. The Indian is a lazy, idle vagabond. He never labors, and has no profession except that of arms, to which he is raised from a child. A scalp is constantly dangled before his eyes, and the highest honor he can aspire to is to possess one taken by himself. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, if he aims to the honor when he grows up, especially if there is no punishment to follow the barbarous act."

Mr. M'Cormick, the delegate from Arizona, says that we must remember there are two classes of Indians, which differ from each other as Americans differ from Japanese. They are the civilizable class and the hopelessly savage; and while he supports increased appropriations for friendly Indians, he is sure that the most valuable lives and enormous property would have been saved by "an unintermitting aggressive war upon the relentless Apache." Mr. M'Cormick alluded to the constant and innumerable murders and outrages of every kind committed by the Indians within his own Territory of Arizona—murders upon the best of frontier citizens—and he asks why it is only the woes of the Indians that excite the horror of the "Eastern States?"

We do not deny the horrible outrages of the Indians, their treachery and cruelty, but neither will General Sheridan deny the broken faith of the United States and the systematic criminality of the treatment of the Indians upon the frontier. We have known a white woman of the frontier to say that she would kill an Indian as she would kill a mouse; it was merely the extermination of vermin. We do not say that it is surprising a woman should feel so, under the circumstances. But if that feeling is to be the foundation of our Indian policy, then certainly that policy ought to be thorough. The army ought to hunt the savages off the face of the earth, and the sooner the better. The present situation is intolerable, but general destruction is not the only remedy. It is obvious that savage Indians can neither be made citizens, nor understand treaties as we understand them, nor be subjugated to law. But we can enforce our own laws upon our own citizens. We can compel them to respect the arrangements we make with the Indians, and we can show the latter by the summary punishment of our citizens who war against them that we will do what we can to protect them against the cruelty and rapacity of our own race. And when the cruelty and rapacity of that race appear in Congress in the form of bills "to extinguish the Indian title" to lands coveted by some railroad ring, the press can at least expose the gentlemen who support them, and who teach every whisky-skin of a border ruffian his Indian policy.

Secretary Cox, in his late communication upon the subject to Congress, says that the great cause of all our difficulties with the wild tribes is the fact that civilization is constantly encroaching upon them and crowding them out of lands which they had always regarded as their own, while no consistent good faith is kept in redeeming the promises by which we induce them to acquiesce in the new order. He adds, and his words should have very great weight with all intelligent men:

> "If I were to waive all inquiry as to the moral obligations of a Christian nation under such circumstances, I think it would be demonstrably clear that, as a mere question of pecuniary economy, it will be cheaper to feed every adult Indian now living, even to sleepy surfeiting, during his natural life, while their children are educated to self-support by agriculture, than it would be to carry on a general Indian war for a single year. The shocking barbarities and mutilations of the dead and of prisoners which are often referred to are the usual accompaniments of Indian warfare. By preserving peace we may hope to avoid them, and can not believe that it is beyond the wisdom and the resources of a great nation like our own to give a peace policy a thorough trial."

War has plainly failed. Let us try a policy of peace.

SHALL WE HAVE HONEST ELECTIONS?

The one point upon which all parties are agreed is that the chief root of the municipal infamy of New York is corrupt elections. The Speaker of the present Assembly, one of Mr. Sweeny's friends, and other Democrats, recently declared upon the floor of the House that the repeating and cheating at the polls in the city were so enormous as to make it doubtful, according to one of the orators, whether the Speaker himself were really elected to the Assembly. This was a kind of state's evidence that was scarcely needed, but it is useful. The frauds at the polls are glaring and notorious. The government is poisoned at the fountain. Now this greatest of crimes under a popular system equally interests all honest men of every party. But the Democratic papers sneered at the charges of fraud in 1868. The present Governor, then Mayor, declared the allegations to be a mere party device of the Republicans, and virtually protected the electoral frauds. The conduct of certain Judges in naturalization was astounding. It was very evident that "the honest Democracy" did not think that the time had come for them to appear.

Do they think that it has now arrived? The frauds are mainly due, of course, to the uncontrolled ascendency at the polls of the worst part of the Democratic party. The only conceivable remedy is an agreement between both parties that they will unite to secure pure elections. To do this it is essential that there be a final electoral supervision which is not partisan, but in which each party is equally represented. But this can be done only by law, and the Democrats are now the law-makers. Will they secure this purity? Are they in favor of honest elections? Are the honest Democrats, such men, for instance, as Mr. Tilden, content with the unrepeated vote of their party in the city of New York? If they are, do they honestly suppose that any such system as that suggested by Mr. Kiernan will secure it? That system is substantially the Supervisor system. Has that resulted honestly?

Why does Mr. Kiernan's plan propose that there shall be one Republican inspector in every district? Because it is universally allowed that the official presence of some representation of the other party at the voting and in the canvass is essential to a fair election. If that be so, let us take every obvious and practicable method to secure the result which the bill professes to desire. Instead of a system which favors what has been called a union of "the Ring and the Radicals," let us agree, as the Citizens' Association proposes, that there be a Board of Judges of Elections, composed equally from both parties, who shall divide the city into districts of not more than two hundred voters each, with ample provision for a thorough registry, including name, age, residence, birthplace, personal appearance, and whatever is necessary for identification—then open the polls from sunrise to noon or one o'clock, and canvass before sunset. Some such system as this is indispensable. It can be abused, indeed, as every plan for every purpose may be. But is there then no choice of methods? Is therefore every plan for any purpose equally good? Because we can not abolish disease, shall we observe no sanitary laws? No plan to secure pure polls will make voters honest; but some plans will save us from their dishonesty much more surely than others.

If the better portion of the party which now has the majority in the Legislature really wish to purify the polls in this city, they will adopt some such method as has been indicated. But if they do not—if they merely wish to eat their cake and to have it—if they desire only to give their party the credit of trying to secure honesty while it retains the advantage of fraud, they will refuse to adopt a plan palpably fair and practicable, and prefer one which is only a snare. Meanwhile we can spare the hallelujahs about broken Rings and honesty triumphant until we see some evidence of such agreeable facts. A Legislature which refers Mr. Frear's alleged offenses to Mr. Frear's committee for investigation, is hardly to be considered a Legislature in which the power of the Tammany clique is imperiled; and those who expect Mr. Jacobs to introduce a bill by which the Democratic majority in this neighborhood would be reduced, will probably also expect Mr. Speaker Hitchman to advocate a repeal of last year's bill establishing the new Board of Education.

AMERICAN NEUTRALITY.

The most striking and unpleasant point in the long Cuba discussion, upon the part of those who have from the first demanded that belligerent rights should be conceded to the Cubans, is what must be called their unfairness. We are all fond of saying, and, we hope, of thinking, that it is an American instinct to sympathize with any oppressed people striving to break the power of the oppressor. But we hope, also, it is not less an American instinct to be just to our own honest laws, and our own honorable traditions. Yet it is constantly charged that the United States have not been neutral in the Cuban struggle, but have favored Spain at the expense of the colony. They detain the *Hornet*, it is said; they seize and destroy the expeditions to aid Cuba, while they suffer the Spanish gun-boats to sail. We alluded to this point last week. It is specious. It is put forth in the address of the friends of Cuba. It has constantly appeared in the papers that call for recognition. But it is one of the unfairest charges that could be made.

And it is so for reasons that we have already stated, but which ought to be repeated until they are understood. Under the law of nations, and under our own law, the war ships of a foreign friendly power may refit in our ports, and contracts may be made for the building of others, even when they are intended for hostilities against part of the subjects of that power, whom we have not yet acknowledged as belligerents. We say, under our own law. But it is sometimes urged that the law of 1818, forbidding the equipping of ships to be used against "any colony, district, or people" with whom we are at peace, should have detained the gunboats. But evidently these words do not bear this construction. If to-morrow an insurrection should begin in Kent, in England, would the law of 1818 require us to refuse assistance to English ships of war in our ports, unless it could be proved that they were not to be used against that "district," or those "people," with whom our peaceful relations were undisturbed? The words of the act, as sought to be interpreted, are made utterly unmeaning. If the act means to say that no friendly power shall use our ports for equipment against any other friendly power, nor against any other collection of persons engaged in hostilities, but with whom we are not fighting, then it closes them to every power the moment war begins. Obviously this is not the meaning of the law; and, therefore, to say that the United States have not been neutral, because they have obeyed their own laws and treaties, is suspiciously unfair.

The only way in which, under the law of nations and our own law, we could be neutral in the sense demanded is by declaring the belligerency of the Cubans; and that could not be done until we were satisfied that there was a government which could properly maintain the rights of the flag that we should recognize. If, however, this is not considered a course worthy of Americans, who owe their political independence to successful revolution, there is another course. We can announce that the first movement of insurrection against European power upon this continent will be recognized by us with all the rights of belligerency. We may go further. We can declare that the moment any insurrection breaks out any where in the world against a government not republican we will remember our own origin, and the assistance of France, and fly to the rescue.

It seems to be thought by some persons that, after the Cuban troubles had continued for some months, the United States should have said: "The horrible oppression of Cuba by Spain is notorious. The Cubans have asserted their independence, and are trying to maintain it. We are the offspring of revolution, and we sympathize with their efforts. *Therefore*, we concede them belligerent rights, or recognize their independence." The feeling is better than the logic. The folly is in talking about international law and precedents and neutrality. It is very well, and may be very noble, for the United States to say to the Cubans, "You have had a hard time under Spain, and you are having a sharp struggle to throw her off, and we grant you all belligerent rights." But it would be extremely foolish if the United States should add that they did this upon recognized principles of international law. The principle would be simply, "We choose to do it, and we take the consequences." It is indeed true that every nation decides for itself when to grant the rights of belligerency. But it is none the less true that it does so under certain conditions.

If those conditions now exist in Cuba, let belligerent rights be conceded. Or if we choose to concede them without the existence of those conditions, let us do that. But don't let us pretend that the conditions do exist if they do not. There are not now and never have been ten men in this country opposed to the recognition of Cuban belligerent rights or of Cuban independence upon grounds that would justify that policy in any other similar struggle. It is the special pleading, the attempted sneaking evasion of our laws, the plain intention that we should do the work of the revolution, the bribe offered to public opinion of inevitable annexation, the assertion that not to recognize Cuban belligerence at once was to be in collusion with slaveholders, to lie prostrate at the bloated and bloody feet of Spain, and to be recreant to our own principles and traditions—it is all the flap-doodle and Buncombe that have been lavished upon the discussion of the subject, as if they were the sole arguments, which have alienated the confidence and sympathy of the American people, who love liberty more than ever, and who would gladly aid in every honorable and lawful way any people any where struggling with oppression.

THE BLESSINGS OF PATRONAGE.

How entirely the patronage of the Government is controlled for the personal purposes of Senators was recently curiously illustrated by a little event in the Senate. The President nominated a postmaster at Nashville in Tennessee. The Senate was constitutionally and honorably bound not to consider whether he were agreeable to Senator Smith or Jones, but whether he were in character and capacity a proper officer. It appears that it had virtually decided that he was, when Senator Fowler of Tennessee claimed the right which the courtesy of the Senate accords to every Senator of vetoing the appointment of any postmaster in the place of his residence who is not agreeable to him. The Senate yielded. And thus a person whom the President was satisfied to nominate, and whom the Senate were willing to approve, was rejected because Senator Fowler did not like him. Nothing could show more clearly, if any proof were needed, that the Senate has quite abdicated its constitutional function of advising the President, and has organized the patronage for its own advantage.

Some time since a gentleman wrote to a Senator from another State, and urged him, for reasons which he mentioned and which seemed to him conclusive, to support the nomination of a certain other gentleman. The Senator replied that he had no doubt of the merits of the case as presented by his correspondent, but that he should be governed entirely by the Senators from his friend's State. The great principle of mutual tickling was fully comprehended by that Senator.

Another instance was that of a little country post-office, for which, upon the resignation of the incumbent, the neighbors of all parties recommended a very competent person. There was a mysterious delay, and it presently appeared that a Senator of the State had a candidate for the office. Upon reflecting, however, that if he persisted in thwarting the wishes of the neighborhood he would hardly advance his own interests, the Senator yielded, and the other candidate was appointed.

Our whole civil service system is a vast circumlocution office. Officers are appointed by the favor of certain politicians looking to their own ends, as the nobility placed their dependents and cadets in the government service in England. And the hostility to any reform of the service proceeds, of course, from the class of trading and ambitious politicians. The chief distinction of his office to many a member of Congress is the sense of power derived from his share of the patronage. There are men in high position whose success is explained wholly by a skillful use of patronage, and not in the least by any intellectual capacity or moral power. It is a strong side-light upon our system. It shows that an election by no means necessarily represents the choice of the people, but the shrewd management of certain men. Whoever colors the spring stains the stream. Whoever controls the caucus writes the ballots at the polls.

Of this perversion of popular government nothing is a surer ally than our present civil service system. Patronage is administered almost entirely for personal ends. The President, with the best will in the world, can not reform the system unaided. Jefferson, in a famous circular to the civil officers of the government, said a few words which may well be recalled now, to show how utterly we have reversed his principle and his practice. "The right of any officer to give his vote at elections, as a qualified citizen, is not meant to be restrained, nor, *however given, shall it have effect to his prejudice*; but it is expected that he will not attempt to influence the votes of others, nor to take any part in the business of electioneering—that being deemed inconsistent with the spirit of the Constitution and his duties to it." These are the words of one of the greatest party leaders who have ever lived in the country. But we have changed all that. The very influencing of votes and the vehement electioneering which Jefferson condemned are the conditions of appointment under a system of patronage.

"THE HISTORY OF TEN YEARS."

It is just ten years ago that Jefferson Davis, then a Senator from Mississippi, proposed in the Senate a series of resolutions which were passed by a strict party vote of the Democratic majority in that body, excepting Mr. Pugh of Ohio. The resolutions were elaborately and ingeniously drawn. Their intention was, first, to brand Mr. Douglas's squatter sovereignty as a party heresy; and second, to nationalize human slavery. The Democratic majority, sternly ruled by Mr. Davis and his friends, did not hesitate. One Senator ventured to move that it was not meant that Congress should provide a complete system of laws for slavery. But Mr. Davis looked at him, and the poor Senator—it was Mr. Clingman—had no supporting Democratic vote but the same Mr. Pugh. So vast was the crime against human nature and American liberty proclaimed by the Democratic party.

A year from that time, on the 21st of January, 1861, Jefferson Davis, still a Senator, and his conspiracy being ripe, gravely argued, in the highest legislative body of this government, the right of a few citizens, at their pleasure, to destroy a nation; in the Senate that grew out of the Declaration of Independence asserted that the Declaration, when it alleged that *all* men were created equal, meant *some* men; and after a little rhetoric about solemn separation, departed to do his best to destroy the American Union, and perpetuate African slavery upon the American continent. At the end of nine years the American Union is impregnable; African slavery is abolished; and a Senator from Mississippi rises in the place of Jefferson Davis to address the Senate, and that Senator, intelligent and self-possessed, is one of the enslaved race.

No wonder that a paper which represents the ridiculous theory that the glory of the country departed when Jefferson Davis and his accomplices left the Capitol says of his successor's speech (see the New York *World*): "To-day's session of the Senate was signalized......by the first speech ever delivered by the lineal descendant of an orang-outang in Congress...... During the morning hour......Revels himself sat at his desk, tranquilly pawing his lower visage and beard with hands resembling claws, and eying the assemblage aloft with a greasy and complacent smile......In the United States Senate sat to-day Sumner, Wilson, and the other Radicals who helped to bring on a bloodier revolution than the French, still so drunk with the vindictive spirit of the conflict and its issues that it seemed to them a fine thing to foist this African into false equality with themselves and their betters, among American statesmen to raise this mulatto idol, stuffed with vapid argumentation and sentimental logic." It is the very comedy of impotent hate.

THE MINISTER TO SPAIN.

The Republican Senate of the United States, which did not think Attorney-General Hoar to be a proper person for an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, believes General Sickles to be a proper person to present to Europe, at the side of Lothrop Motley, John Jay, George P. Marsh, Elihu B. Washburne, and George Bancroft, as one whom the nation delights to honor. We have steadily protested against this serious wrong, this fatal blunder, and we shall not suffer its consummation to pass unobserved. The Republican party is strong by its moral character. No one knows this better than the chairman of the Foreign Committee of the Senate; and when Mr. Sumner gives his name to this appointment he deals himself and his party a blow a hundredfold more injurious than that party received from the votes against the conviction of Andrew Johnson. Moral influences are secret and silent, but they are sure; and the power of every Republican Senator who voted for this appointment is henceforth diminished.

We protest against the shameless sophistry which has been the staple of the Republican support of this appointment. The duty of the Republican press every where in the country was to have shown the President at once that he had made a serious mistake, and by the energy and unanimity of its expression to have caused the withdrawal of the nomination. But the press treated it merely as a party matter, and the Senate, seeing no vehement opposition, has at last, as a party matter, confirmed it.

General Sickles is not an old man, and should his name be hereafter offered to the national party convention for any office, every objection would be triumphantly overruled by the assertion that the Senate of the United States, upon the report of Charles Sumner, had declared him to be a fit recipient of the most conspicuous national honors.

MORE LIGHT.

The Hon. W. D. Kelley, who has most faithfully and ably served his Philadelphia district for five terms, naturally wished to withdraw, but has received a letter signed by thousands of his constituents, and by many of the chief citizens of Philadelphia, asking him to consent to serve again. In his admirable reply Mr. Kelley agrees to waive all personal considerations upon one or two conditions; and one is, that he be released from the duty of an office-broker, which, under our present civil service system, is the chief business of a Representative. His testimony is too invaluable not to be preserved:

> "My correspondence and general duties have thus been greatly increased. Of this I do not complain. It is a natural incident of the office; but, meanwhile, my constituents, and to a considerable extent the people of the city at large, have superadded to the duties of a Representative the impossible one of finding places for all unemployed people of both sexes known to them, and promotion for all ambitious or discontented employees of the government. There was much of this during the war; but the government then needed the service of every able-bodied man in some department, and it was quite possible that one might serve it and the applicant both, by giving him a note to the chief of some establishment. But such is not the case now, and the practice of sending people to their Congressional Representative for employment has become so common as to be insufferable. To the fifty or more good-hearted people who, at their convenience, each write a note during the day, it is a matter of small concern; but to the unhappy being upon whom they concentrate the next day, and who, as has often been my case, would gladly find work for some worthy and suffering soldier whose case had come under his own observation, but knows not where to look for it, is a more serious matter; and the wrong is not lessened by the discovery that the bearer has been assured by the respectable writer that a note from the member will certainly get him work and wages without delay.
>
> "To such an extent has this practice been carried recently that it precludes the possibility of social intercourse, correspondence, or study in my home; but, annoying as this may be to the Representative, that is the least of it, for it is, in almost every case, a positive wrong to the people upon whom the practice is indulged. Assurances that the Representative can procure employment given by persons in whose word they have implicit faith, inspire hopes that can not be fulfilled, and not unfrequently a confidence that leads to destitution. Days and weeks are sometimes lost in pursuit of the man whose magical power, it is believed, will secure them employment; and the bitterness of disappointment that overtakes many of them when they discover how their friends have deluded them is painful to observe, and I am unwilling longer to be a party to such a practice. If, therefore, the acceptance of a renomination is to be understood as implying a willingness on my part to be longer regarded as a general appointment agent, I must beg leave to decline the honor, grateful as I would be to receive it freed from this condition, and tendered in so complimentary a manner."

Mr. Kelley wisely proposes a nominating convention which should instruct its candidate, if elected, to make the principles of a proper civil service bill his rule of official action. This is one of the most encouraging signs of the progress of this essential reform.

NOTES.

The first speech of Senator Revels began most fitly, under the circumstances, by a generous and earnest vindication of the part played by the colored population in the war inaugurated by his predecessor to enslave them and their posterity forever:

> "While the Confederate army pressed into its ranks every white male capable of bearing arms, the mothers, wives, daughters, and sisters of the Southern soldiers were left defenseless and in the power of the blacks, upon whom the chains of slavery were still riveted, and to bind those chains the closer was the real issue for which so much life and property were sacrificed. And now, Sir, I ask, how did that race act? Did they, in those days of Confederate weakness and impotence, evince the malignity of which we hear so much? Granting, for the sake of argument, that they were ignorant and besotted, which I do not believe, yet, with all their supposed ignorance and credulity, they, in their way, understood as fully as you or I the awful import of the contest. They knew if the gallant corps of national soldiers were beaten bad, and their flag trailed in the dust, that it was the presage of still heavier bondage. They longed, too, as their fathers did before them, for the advent of that epoch over which was shed the hallowed light of inspiration itself. They desired, too, with their fathers, to welcome the feet of the strangers, shod with the peaceful preparation of good news. Weary years of bondage had told their tale of sorrow to the court of Heaven. In the councils of the Great Father of all they knew the adjudication of their case, albeit delayed for years, in which patient suffering had nearly exhausted itself, would in the end bring the boon for which they sighed—God's most blessed gift to his creatures—the inestimable boon of liberty. They waited, and they waited patiently. In the absence of their masters they protected the virtue and chastity of defenseless women. Think, Sir, for a moment what the condition of this land would be to-day if the slave population had risen in servile insurrection against those who, month by month, were fighting to perpetuate that institution which brought them all the evils of which they complained. Where would have been the security for property, female chastity, and childhood's innocence? The bloody counterpart of such a story of cruelty and wrong would have been paralleled only in those chapters of Jewish history as recorded by Josephus, or in the still later atrocities of that reign of terror which sent the unfortunate Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette to the scaffold. Nay, the deeds in that drama of cold-blooded butchery would have out-Heroded the most diabolical acts of Herod himself."

It is a truth that should silence forever the political touters against the colored citizens of this country.

There can be no complaint that Mr. Fields was not specific in his charge against Mr. Ainsworth in the New York Assembly. He came to me, exclaimed Mr. Fields, and said that there were ten members who would vote as I should direct—for a consideration. It was fortunate for the public virtue that this was said to a gentleman who could not be supposed to know any thing of the corruption and chicanery of Albany politics. The proposition might have been made to some adept in legislative manipulation—some interested operator in bills and votes—somebody whose reputation invited such an offer. But the burst of virtuous indignation that followed and exposed it showed that it might as wisely have been made to George Washington as to the person selected. We have not the exact words at hand; but as a man, as a representative of the people, and especially as a Democrat, the proposition of possible corruption, of a price for votes, seemed to Mr. Fields so astounding, so incredible, so unworthy of things in general, that he could not sit still. Others less sensitive might be able to keep their seats. Others more versed in such dreadful possibilities might remain seated. A variety of supposable persons might stick to their chairs. But as for Mr. Fields, honor—and, above all, Democracy, and the purity which he saw in the faces of his fellow-members, imperatively forbade. It is plain that Governor Hoffman's honest Legislature ought to be symbolically perpetuated in a statue of this honorable gentleman.

It is a very neat and satirical stroke of statesmanship which makes Alaska one of the counties or districts of Washington Territory. We were maintaining an expensive civil and military system there, and utterly alienating the peaceful Indians, and for the care of the absurd and useless ice for which we paid so handsome a sum were paying immense further sums annually. But by this exceedingly felicitous stroke we save our money, and have only the original folly and expense to justify.

Some years ago the Lounger in this paper spoke of the great skill and success of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Richards in the instruction of children of slow mental development. They propose to continue this care at 103 East Tenth Street upon terms necessarily high. But their personal experience is most valuable, and they offer satisfactory references.

Mr. Greeley is a veteran in his profession, and what he says about it is worthy of very respectful consideration, as the result of great experience. At the late dinner of the Knights of St. Patrick, in response to the toast of the Press, he made one of the pleasant little speeches that roll so fluently from his lips upon festive occasions; and in the course of it he said: "I insist that the abuses of the press to-day are the most conspicuous feature of the press, and that the fault is entirely with the public." Public persons, he said, expect to be publicly criticised, but there are thousands of persons who are not public, and by what right does any newspaper make them the subject of comment? And yet if any paper, with the intention of making itself "spicy," and "alive," and "talked about," drags into its columns the most private persons and the most domestic events, and invents gossip and retails scandal, and the public supports the paper, and buys it because it is so "sarcy," then, says Mr. Greeley, the responsibility is with the public. And he might have added that when the individual who thinks "sarce" so entertaining finds his own wife and daughters and family affairs served up in the same piquant style, he will doubtless console himself by reflecting how agreeable a morsel he is in that "sarce" to his neighbors.

St. Louis is no longer to be styled an inland city. Light-draught vessels depart from her wharves for American and foreign sea-board ports, and bring her into direct water communication with Europe and Asia. All that is wanting to complete the metropolitan character of this great Western city is an improved system of railroads; and we observe that arrangements are now on foot to bring this about. Among other movements is one to construct a railroad from some point in Kansas to the Gulf of Mexico, for which the Senate has reported in favor of an immense land grant of twenty miles in alternate sections on each side of the road. Two grand trunk railways are also projected through the Missouri Valley from St. Pauls to St. Louis; and another, and still more important movement, is one to connect St. Louis in a straight line with Fort Kearney on the Union Pacific Railroad. This line passes through St. Joseph, the second city in Missouri. The early completion of the St. Louis and St. Joseph portion of the route will leave only about two hundred miles more to build in order to bring the trade of California direct to St. Louis. Three railroads will then become as it were one—the Northern Missouri, the St. Louis and St. Joseph, and the St. Joseph and Denver City; and when thus united they will bring San Francisco just 148 miles nearer New York, *via* St. Louis and St. Joseph, than by any other route. Other projects of internal improvement are also under way that will eventually make Missouri one of the most important States in this Union.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

March 14.—In the Senate, a resolution in regard to the loss of the *Oneida*, severely censuring Captain Eyre, of the *Bombay*, was introduced, and after some debate laid over to await the receipt of additional information.—In the House, the greater part of the day was devoted to the Deficiency bill. Joint resolutions were adopted providing for the payment to the family of the late Edwin M. Stanton of one year's salary as Associate Justice of the Supreme Court; exempting the interest paid on homestead mortgages from the income returns, and prohibiting the carriage as freight on the Western river steamboats of nitro-glycerine and combustible coal oils. Among the bills introduced was one to abolish female clerks in the government departments.

March 15.—No business of importance was transacted in the Senate. The House bill for the relief of the family of the late Secretary Stanton was passed. There was further discussion, but no action, on the Georgia bill.—In the House, a bill admitting Texas to representation, precisely similar to the Virginia and Mississippi bills, was passed, after a very brief debate.

March 16.—In the Senate the principal event of the day was the speech of the colored Senator from Mississippi, Mr. Revels, on the Georgia bill. He made a very quiet and common-sense sort of argument in defense of the Government policy of reconstruction, and at the conclusion of his remarks was congratulated by the Republican Senators on the success of his maiden speech.—In the House, a resolution of inquiry into the *Oneida* disaster was adopted.

March 17.—In the Senate, among other bills introduced, was one to organize the new Territory of Oklahoma. The bill providing for more efficiency in the navy by the appointment of apprentices for seamen was reported from Committee, as was also the bill reorganizing the consular service of the government. The latter bill is an important one, as it proposes to abolish many of the now existing consulates, fixes regular salaries, and makes sundry other changes.—In the House, a resolution was unanimously adopted censuring Mr. Butler, of Tennessee, charged with improperly disposing of a West Point cadetship.

March 18.—In the Senate, the Judiciary Committee reported a resolution declaring General Ames ineligible to a seat in that body; it was not acted on. Senator Fenton introduced a joint resolution looking to prompt action on the proposed Tehuantepec Ship Canal.—In the House, nothing of importance was done.

March 19.—The Senate was not in session, and the House adjourned soon after opening.

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

The Richmond (Va.) City Council, appointed by Governor Walker under the Enabling Act of the State Legislature on the 9th of March, elected Henry K. Ellison Mayor, but Mayor Cahoon, the incumbent under military rule, declined to recognize the new Mayor, and, having possession of the lower station-house, immediately proceeded to swear in 150 special constables to maintain his right. Mayor Ellison thereupon swore in 200 constables, and surrounded the station-house, intending to starve out the garrison. Mayor Cahoon made an appeal to Governor Walker, and was advised by him to seek judicial redress. General Canby ordered a company of troops into the city to preserve order. The conflict continued several days, and at last accounts the situation was unchanged. A negro had been killed by some of Mayor Ellison's police for refusing to "move on" when ordered.

Judge Carlton, of the Probate Court of Morgan County, Alabama, was recently shot by three men, and instantly killed, as he was stepping off the cars at Decatur.

March 18, Hon. Gulian C. Verplanck, a well-known literary man and politician, died at his residence in Fourteenth Street, in the eighty-fourth year of his age.

During a recent storm at St. John, N. B., a rumbling noise was heard, and soon after a portion of the bottom of the harbor sunk out of sight, so that there is twenty feet of water now at low-tide where there was before a beach. Several wharves were destroyed at the same time.

Out in Wyoming Territory a mixed jury of men and women rendered, the other day, a verdict of manslaughter in the first degree, in the Crowie murder case, after three or four days' incarceration. The local papers report that the ladies appeared to be "very much fatigued."

A bill has been passed by the Lower House of the New York State Legislature relative to carrying and the use of pistols—holding as indictable for murder persons using a pistol claimed to be in self-defense.

Mr. Bailey, Collector of the Thirty-second Revenue District, disappeared from New York city on Thursday, March 10; and it has since been ascertained that great "irregularities" have been permitted in his office. He is supposed to be a defaulter to a very large amount.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The birthday fête of the Prince Imperial of France was celebrated March 16; but, owing to a diversity of opinion in the Cabinet, the expected amnesty and manifesto of Imperial policy did not appear.

The funeral of Montalambert took place the same day.

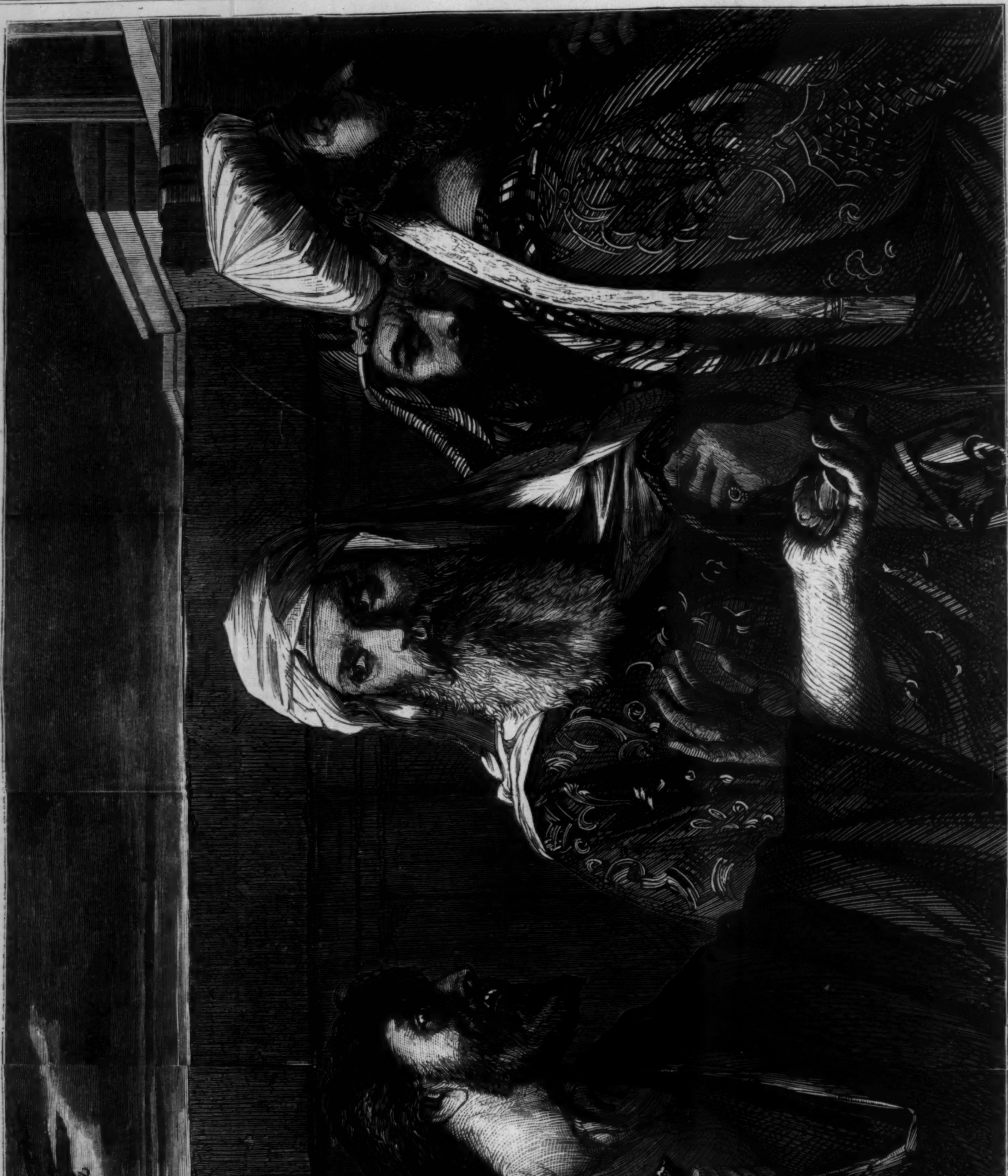
The High Court of France was to convene at Tours on March 25 for the trial of Prince Bonaparte, who has been sent to that city in the custody of an officer of *gendarmerie*. Telegraphic reports of the trial are to be sent every two hours to the Emperor.

At the funeral of Prince Henri de Bourbon at Madrid the priests withdrew on seeing the insignia of the Masonic order on the coffin, and refused to perform the religious ceremonies.

On the 15th of March General Prim was attacked in the streets of Madrid by a mob opposed to conscription. He escaped unhurt.

It is said that the party in the Œcumenical Council opposed to infallibility is gaining strength. The French Bishops of Besançon and Nevers lead the opposition to the dogma.

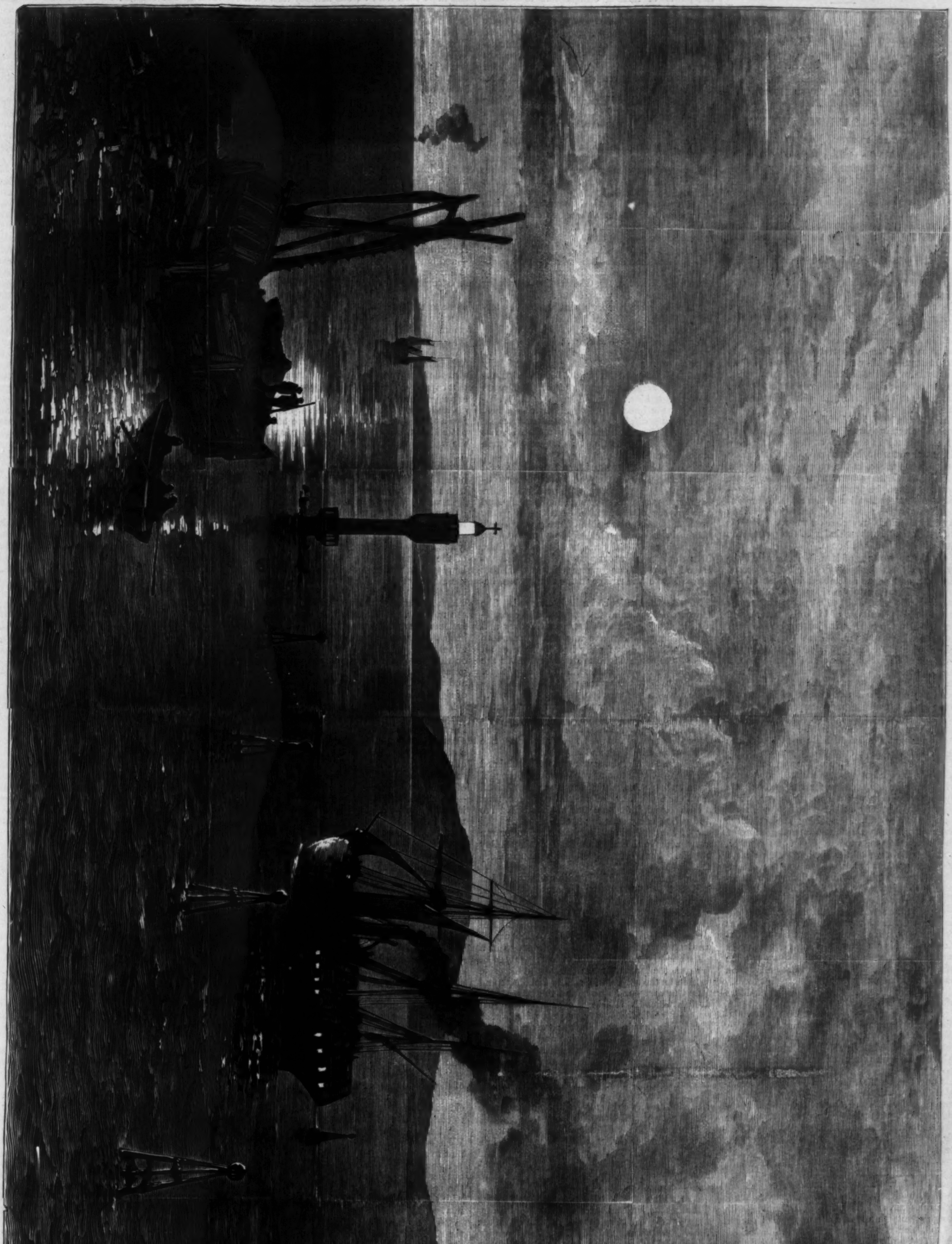
Dispatches from Hong Kong, by way of London, state that Captain Eyre has been suspended, not on account of the collision with the *Oneida*, but for neglecting to ascertain the extent of the injury done, and for taking no measures to save the drowning crew. The *Pall Mall Gazette* regards the punishment as inadequate.



THE REMORSE OF JUDAS.—[From a Painting by E. Armitage, A.R.A.]

THE REMORSE OF JUDAS.

Our engraving on this page is taken from a painting by Mr. E. Armitage, A.R.A., an English artist of high reputation. It is founded on the following passage from the Gospel of St. Matthew (chap. xxvii., vers. 3, 4): "Then Judas, which had betrayed him, when he saw that he was condemned, repented himself, and brought again the thirty pieces of silver to the chief priests and elders, saying, I have sinned in that I have betrayed the innocent blood. And they said, What is that to us? see thou to that." In the original picture the figures are considerably above life-size, and the subject is treated with intense dramatic force, and the power of modeling, chiar-oscuro, and color for which Mr. Armitage holds very high rank among modern English artists. The introduction of a vulture—bird of ill omen—is the most faulty point in the picture.



THE BITTER LAKES, SUEZ CANAL.—[See Page 215.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1869, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

MAN AND WIFE.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "The Woman in White," "No Name," "The Moonstone," etc., etc.

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-SECOND.

SEEDS OF THE FUTURE (SECOND SOWING).

And what did the visitors say of the Swans?

They said, "Oh, what a number of them!"—which was all that was to be said by persons ignorant of the natural history of aquatic birds.

And what did the visitors say of the lake?

Some of them said, "How solemn!" Some of them said, "How romantic!" Some of them said nothing—but privately thought it a dismal scene.

Here again the popular sentiment struck the right note at starting. The lake was hidden in the centre of a fir wood. Except in the middle, where the sunlight reached them, the waters lay black under the sombre shadow of the trees. The one break in the plantation was at the farther end of the lake. The one sign of movement and life to be seen was the ghostly gliding of the swans on the dead-still surface of the water. It was solemn—as they said; it was romantic—as they said. It was dismal—as they thought. Pages of description could express no more. Let pages of description be absent, therefore, in this place.

Having satiated itself with the swans, having exhausted the lake, the general curiosity reverted to the break in the trees at the farther end—remarked a startlingly-artificial object, intruding itself on the scene, in the shape of a large red curtain, which hung between two of the tallest firs, and closed the prospect beyond from view—requested an explanation of the curtain from Julius Delamayn—and received for answer that the mystery should be revealed on the arrival of his wife with the tardy remainder of the guests who had loitered about the house.

On the appearance of Mrs. Delamayn and the stragglers, the united party coasted the shore of the lake, and stood assembled in front of the curtain. Pointing to the silken cords, hanging at either side of it, Julius Delamayn picked out two little girls (children of his wife's sister), and sent them to the cords, with instructions to pull, and see what happened. The nieces of Julius pulled with the eager hands of children in the presence of a mystery—the curtains parted in the middle, and a cry of universal astonishment and delight saluted the scene revealed to view.

At the end of a broad avenue of firs a cool green glade spread its grassy carpet in the midst of the surrounding plantation. The ground at the farther end of the glade rose; and here, on the lower slopes, a bright little spring of water bubbled out between gray old granite rocks. Along the right-hand edge of the turf ran a row of tables, arrayed in spotless white, and covered with refreshments waiting for the guests. On the opposite side was a band of music, which burst into harmony at the moment when the curtains were drawn. Looking back through the avenue, the eye caught a distant glimpse of the lake, where the sunlight played on the water, and the plumage of the gliding swans flashed softly in brilliant white. Such was the charming surprise which Julius Delamayn had arranged for his friends. It was only at moments like these—or when he and his wife were playing Sonatas in the modest little music-room at Swanhaven—that Lord Holchester's eldest son was really happy. He secretly groaned over the duties which his position as a landed gentleman imposed upon him; and he suffered under some of the highest privileges of his rank and station as under social martyrdom in its cruelest form.

"We'll dine first," said Julius, "and dance afterward. There is the programme!"

He led the way to the tables, with the two ladies nearest to him—utterly careless whether they were or were not among the ladies of the highest rank then present. To Lady Lundie's astonishment he took the first seat he came to, without appearing to care what place he occupied at his own feast. The guests, following his example, sat where they pleased, reckless of precedents and dignities. Mrs. Delamayn, feeling a special interest in a young lady who was shortly to be a bride, took Blanche's arm. Lady Lundie attached herself resolutely to her hostess on the other side. The three sat together. Mrs. Delamayn did her best to encourage Blanche to talk, and Blanche did her best to meet the advances made to her. The experiment succeeded but poorly on either side. Mrs. Delamayn gave it up in despair, and turned to Lady Lundie, with a strong suspicion that some unpleasant subject of reflection was preying privately on the bride's mind. The conclusion was soundly drawn. Blanche's little outbreak of temper with her friend on the terrace, and Blanche's present deficiency of gayety and spirit, were attributable to the same cause. She hid it from her uncle, she hid it from Arnold—but she was as anxious as ever, and as wretched as ever, about Anne; and she was still on the watch (no matter what Sir Patrick might say or do) to seize the first opportunity of renewing the search for her lost friend.

Meanwhile the eating, the drinking, and the talking went merrily on. The band played its liveliest melodies; the servants kept the glasses constantly filled: round all the tables gayety and freedom reigned supreme. The one conversation in progress, in which the talkers were not in social harmony with each other, was the conversation at Blanche's side, between her step-mother and Mrs. Delamayn.

Among Lady Lundie's other accomplishments the power of making disagreeable discoveries ranked high. At the dinner in the glade she had not failed to notice—what every body else had passed over—the absence at the festival of the hostess's brother-in-law; and more remarkable still, the disappearance of a lady who was actually one of the guests staying in the house: in plainer words, the disappearance of Mrs. Glenarm.

"Am I mistaken?" said her ladyship, lifting her eye-glass, and looking round the tables. "Surely there is a member of our party missing? I don't see Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn."

"Geoffrey promised to be here. But he is not particularly attentive, as you may have noticed, to keeping engagements of this sort. Every thing is sacrificed to his training. We only see him at rare intervals now."

With that reply Mrs. Delamayn attempted to change the subject. Lady Lundie lifted her eye-glass, and looked round the tables for the second time.

"Pardon me," persisted her ladyship—"but is it possible that I have discovered another absentee? I don't see Mrs. Glenarm. Yet surely she must be here! Mrs. Glenarm is not training for a foot-race. Do you see her? *I* don't."

"I missed her when we went out on the terrace, and I have not seen her since."

"Isn't it very odd, dear Mrs. Delamayn?"

"Our guests at Swanhaven, Lady Lundie, have perfect liberty to do as they please."

In those words Mrs. Delamayn (as she fondly imagined) dismissed the subject. But Lady Lundie's robust curiosity proved unassailable by even the broadest hint. Carried away, in all probability, by the infection of merriment about her, her ladyship displayed unexpected reserves of vivacity. The mind declines to realize it; but it is not the less true that this majestic woman actually simpered!

"Shall we put two and two together?" said Lady Lundie, with a ponderous playfulness wonderful to see. "Here, on the one hand, is Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn—a young single man. And here, on the other, is Mrs. Glenarm—a young widow. Rank on the side of the young single man; riches on the side of the young widow. And both mysteriously absent at the same time, from the same pleasant party. Ha, Mrs. Delamayn! should I guess wrong, if I guessed that *you* will have a marriage in the family, too, before long?"

Mrs. Delamayn looked a little annoyed. She had entered, with all her heart, into the conspiracy for making a match between Geoffrey and Mrs. Glenarm. But she was not prepared to own that the lady's facility had (in spite of all attempts to conceal it from discovery) made the conspiracy obviously successful in ten days' time.

"I am not in the secrets of the lady and gentleman whom you mention," she replied, dryly.

A heavy body is slow to acquire movement—and slow to abandon movement, when once acquired. The playfulness of Lady Lundie, being essentially heavy, followed the same rule. She still persisted in being as lively as ever.

"Oh, what a diplomatic answer!" exclaimed her ladyship. "I think I can interpret it, though, for all that. A little bird tells me that I shall see a Mrs. Geoffrey Delamayn in London, next season. And I, for one, shall not be surprised to find myself congratulating Mrs. Glenarm."

"If you persist in letting *your* imagination run away with you, Lady Lundie, I can't possibly help it. I can only request permission to keep the bridle on *mine*."

This time, even Lady Lundie understood that it would be wise to say no more. She smiled and nodded, in high private approval of her own extraordinary cleverness. If she had been asked at that moment who was the most brilliant Englishwoman living, she would have looked inward on herself—and would have seen, as in a glass brightly, Lady Lundie, of Windygates.

From the moment when the talk at her side entered on the subject of Geoffrey Delamayn and Mrs. Glenarm—and throughout the brief period during which it remained occupied with that topic—Blanche became conscious of a strong smell of some spirituous liquor; wafted down on her, as she fancied, from behind and from above. Finding the odor grow stronger and stronger, she looked round to see whether any special manufacture of grog was proceeding inexplicably at the back of her chair. The moment she moved her head, her attention was claimed by a pair of tremulous gouty old hands, offering her a grouse pie, profusely sprinkled with truffles.

"Eh, my bonny Miss!" whispered a persuasive voice at her ear, "ye're joost stairving in a land o' plenty. Tak' my advice, and ye'll tak' the best thing at tebble—groose-poy, and truffers."

Blanche looked up.

There he was—the man of the canny eye, the fatherly manner, and the mighty nose—Bishopriggs—preserved in spirits and ministering at the festival at Swanhaven Lodge!

Blanche had only seen him for a moment on the memorable night of the storm, when she had surprised Anne at the inn. But instants passed in the society of Bishopriggs were as good as hours spent in the company of inferior men. Blanche instantly recognized him; instantly called to mind Sir Patrick's conviction that he was in posse[illegible]of Anne's lost letter; instantly rushed to [illegible]clusion that, in discovering Bishopriggs, she had discovered a chance of tracing Anne. Her first impulse was to claim acquaintance with him on the spot. But the eyes of her neighbors were on her, warning her to wait. She took a little of the pie, and looked hard at Bishopriggs. That discreet man, showing no sign of recognition on his side, bowed respectfully, and went on round the table.

"I wonder whether he has got the letter about him?" thought Blanche.

He had not only got the letter about him—but, more than that, he was actually then on the look-out for the means of turning the letter to profitable pecuniary account.

The domestic establishment of Swanhaven Lodge included no formidable array of servants. When Mrs. Delamayn gave a large party, she depended for such additional assistance as was needed partly on the contributions of her friends, partly on the resources of the principal inn at Kirkandrew. Mr. Bishopriggs, serving at the time (in the absence of any better employment) as a supernumerary at the inn, made one among the waiters who could be spared to assist at the garden-party. The name of the gentleman by whom he was to be employed for the day had struck him, when he first heard it, as having a familiar sound. He had made his inquiries; and had then betaken himself, for additional information, to the letter which he had picked up from the parlor floor at Craig Fernie.

The sheet of note-paper, lost by Anne, contained, it may be remembered, two letters—one signed by herself; the other signed by Geoffrey—and both suggestive, to a stranger's eye, of relations between the writers which they were interested in concealing from the public view.

Thinking it just possible—if he kept his eyes and ears well open at Swanhaven—that he might improve his prospect of making a marketable commodity of the stolen correspondence, Mr. Bishopriggs had put the letter in his pocket when he left Kirkandrew. He had recognized Blanche, as a friend of the lady at the inn—and as a person who might perhaps be turned to account, in that capacity. And he had, moreover, heard every word of the conversation between Lady Lundie and Mrs. Delamayn on the subject of Geoffrey and Mrs. Glenarm. There were hours to be passed before the guests would retire, and before the waiters would be dismissed. The conviction was strong in the mind of Mr. Bishopriggs that he might find good reason yet for congratulating himself on the chance which had associated him with the festivities at Swanhaven Lodge.

It was still early in the afternoon when the gayety at the dinner-table began, in certain quarters, to show signs of wearing out.

The younger members of the party—especially the ladies—grew restless with the appearance of the dessert. One after another they looked longingly at the smooth level of elastic turf in the middle of the glade. One after another they beat time absently with their fingers to the waltz which the musicians happened to be playing at the moment. Noticing these symptoms, Mrs. Delamayn set the example of rising; and her husband sent a message to the band. In ten minutes more the first quadrille was in progress on the grass; the spectators were picturesquely grouped round, looking on; and the servants and waiters, no longer wanted, had retired out of sight, to a picnic of their own.

The last person to leave the deserted tables was the venerable Bishopriggs. He alone, of the men in attendance, had contrived to combine a sufficient appearance of waiting on the company with a clandestine attention to his own personal need of refreshment. Instead of hurrying away to the servants' dinner with the rest, he made the round of the tables, apparently clearing away the crumbs—actually, emptying the wine-glasses. Immersed in this occupation, he was startled by a lady's voice behind him, and, turning as quickly as he could, found himself face to face with Miss Lundie.

"I want some cold water," said Blanche. "Be so good as to get me some from the spring."

She pointed to the bubbling rivulet at the farther end of the glade.

Bishopriggs looked unaffectedly shocked.

"Lord's sake, miss," he exclaimed, "d'ye relly mean to offend yer stomach wi' cauld water—when there's wine to be had for the asking!"

Blanche gave him a look. Slowness of perception was not on the list of the failings of Bishopriggs. He took up a tumbler, winked with his one available eye, and led the way to the rivulet. There was nothing remarkable in the spectacle of a young lady who wanted a glass of spring-water, or of a waiter who was getting it for her. Nobody was surprised; and (with the band playing) nobody could by any chance overhear what might be said at the spring-side.

"Do you remember me at the inn on the night of the storm?" asked Blanche.

Mr. Bishopriggs had his reasons (carefully inclosed in his pocket-book) for not being too ready to commit himself with Blanche at starting.

"I'm no' saying I canna remember ye, miss. Whar's the man would mak' sic an answer as that to a bonny young leddy like you?"

By way of assisting his memory Blanche took out her purse. Bishopriggs became absorbed in the scenery. He looked at the running water with the eye of a man who thoroughly distrusted it, viewed as a beverage.

"There ye go," he said, addressing himself to the rivulet, "bubblin' to yer ain annihilation in the loch yonder! It's little I know that's gude aboot ye, in yer unconvairted state. Ye're a type o' human life, they say. I tak' up my testimony against *that*. Ye're a type o' naething at all till ye're heated wi' fire, and sweetened wi' sugar, and strengthened wi' whusky; and then ye're a type o' toddy—and human life (I grant it) has got something to say to ye in that capacity!"

"I have heard more about you, since I was at the inn," proceeded Blanche, "than you may suppose." (She opened her purse: Mr. Bishopriggs became the picture of attention.) "You were very, very kind to a lady who was staying at Craig Fernie," she went on, earnestly. "I know that you have lost your place at the inn, because you gave all your attention to that lady. She is my dearest friend, Mr. Bishopriggs. I want to thank you. I do thank you. Please accept what I have got here?"

All the girl's heart was in her eyes and in her voice as she emptied her purse into the gouty (and greedy) old hand of Bishopriggs.

A young lady with a well-filled purse (no matter how rich the young lady may be) is a combination not often witnessed in any country on the civilized earth. Either the money is always spent, or the money has been forgotten on the toilet-table at home. Blanche's purse contained a sovereign and some six or seven shillings in silver. As pocket-money for an heiress it was contemptible. But as a gratuity to Bishopriggs it was magnificent. The old rascal put the money into his pocket with one hand, and dashed away the tears of sensibility, which he had *not* shed, with the other.

"Cast yer bread on the waters," cried Mr. Bishopriggs, with his one eye raised devotionally to the sky, "and ye sall find it again after monny days! Hech! hech! didna I say when I first set eyes on that puir leddy, 'I feel like a fether to ye?' It's seemply mairvelous to see hoo a man's ain gude deeds find him oot in this lower warld o' ours. If ever I heard the voice o' naitural affection speaking in my ain breast," pursued Mr. Bishopriggs, with his eye fixed in uneasy expectation on Blanche, "it joost spak' trumpet-tongued when that winsome creature first lookit at me. Will it be she now that told ye of the wee bit sairvice I rendered to her in the time when I was in bondage at the hottle?"

"Yes—she told me herself."

"Might I mak' sae bauld as to ask whar' she may be at the present time?"

"I don't know, Mr. Bishopriggs. I am more miserable about it than I can say. She has gone away—and I don't know where."

"Ow! ow! that's bad. And the bit husband-creature danglin' at her petticoat's tail one day, and awa' wi' the sunrise next mornin'—have they baith taken leg-bail together?"

"I know nothing of him; I never saw him. You saw him. Tell me—what was he like?"

"Eh! he was joost a puir weak creature. Didn't know a glass o' good sherry-wine when he'd got it. Free wi' the siller—that's a' ye can say for him—free wi' the siller!"

Finding it impossible to extract from Mr. Bishopriggs any clearer description of the man who had been with Anne at the inn than this, Blanche approached the main object of the interview. Too anxious to waste time in circumlocution, she turned the conversation at once to the delicate and doubtful subject of the lost letter.

"There is something else that I want to say to you," she resumed. "My friend had a loss while she was staying at the inn."

The clouds of doubt rolled off the mind of Mr. Bishopriggs. The lady's friend knew of the lost letter. And, better still, the lady's friend looked as if she wanted it!

"Ay! ay!" he said, with all due appearance of carelessness. "Like eneugh. From the mistress downward, they're a' kittle cattle at the inn since I've left 'em. What may it ha' been that she lost?"

"She lost a letter."

The look of uneasy expectation reappeared in the eye of Mr. Bishopriggs. It was a question—and a serious question, from his point of view—whether any suspicion of theft was attached to the disappearance of the letter.

"When ye say 'lost,'" he asked, "d'ye mean stolen?"

Blanche was quite quick enough to see the necessity of quieting his mind on this point.

"Oh no!" she answered. "Not stolen. Only lost. Did you hear about it?"

"Wherefore suld *I* ha' heard aboot it?" He looked hard at Blanche—and detected a momentary hesitation in her face. "Tell me this, my young leddy," he went on, advancing warily nearer to the point. "When ye're speering for news o' your friend's lost letter—what sets ye on comin' to *me*?"

Those words were decisive. It is hardly too much to say that Blanche's future depended on Blanche's answer to that question.

If she could have produced the money; and if she had said, boldly, "You have got the letter, Mr. Bishopriggs: I pledge my word that no questions shall be asked, and I offer you ten pounds for it"—in all probability the bargain would have been struck; and the whole course of coming events would, in that case, have been altered. But she had no money left; and there were no friends, in the circle at Swanhaven, to whom she could apply, without being misinterpreted, for a loan of ten pounds, to be privately intrusted to her on the spot. Under stress of sheer necessity Blanche abandoned all hope of making any present appeal of a pecuniary nature to the confidence of Bishopriggs.

The one other way of attaining her object that she could see was to arm herself with the influence of Sir Patrick's name. A man, placed in her position, would have thought it mere madness to venture on such a risk as this. But Blanche—with one act of rashness already on her conscience—rushed, woman-like, straight to the commission of another. The same headlong eagerness to reach her end, which had hurried her into questioning Geoffrey before he left Windygates, now drove her, just as recklessly, into taking the management of Bishopriggs out of Sir Patrick's skilled and practiced hands. The starving sisterly love in her hungered for a trace of Anne. Her heart whispered, Risk it! And Blanche risked it on the spot.

"Sir Patrick set me on coming to you," she said.

The opening hand of Mr. Bishopriggs—ready to deliver the letter, and receive the reward—closed again instantly as she spoke those words.

"Sir Paitrick?" he repeated. "Ow! ow! ye've een tauld Sir Paitrick aboot it, have ye?

There's a chiel wi' a lang head on his shouthers, if ever there was ane yet! What might Sir Paitrick ha' said?"

Blanche noticed a change in his tone. Blanche was rigidly careful (when it was too late) to answer him in guarded terms.

"Sir Patrick thought you might have found the letter," she said, "and might not have remembered about it again until after you had left the inn."

Bishopriggs looked back into his own personal experience of his old master—and drew the correct conclusion that Sir Patrick's view of his connection with the disappearance of the letter was not the purely unsuspicious view reported by Blanche. "The dour auld deevil," he thought to himself, "knows me better than *that!*"

"Well?" asked Blanche, impatiently. "Is Sir Patrick right?"

"Richt?" rejoined Bishopriggs, briskly. "He's as far awa' from the truth as John o' Groat's House is from Jericho."

"You know nothing of the letter?"

"Deil a bit I know o' the letter. The first I ha' heard o' it is what I hear noo."

Blanche's heart sank within her. Had she defeated her own object, and cut the ground from under Sir Patrick's feet, for the second time? Surely not! There was unquestionably a chance, on this occasion, that the man might be prevailed upon to place the trust in her uncle which he was too cautious to confide to a stranger like herself. The one wise thing to do now was to pave the way for the exertion of Sir Patrick's superior influence, and Sir Patrick's superior skill. She resumed the conversation with that object in view.

"I am sorry to hear that Sir Patrick has guessed wrong," she resumed. "My friend was anxious to recover the letter when I last saw her; and I hoped to hear news of it from you. However, right or wrong, Sir Patrick has some reasons for wishing to see you—and I take the opportunity of telling you so. He has left a letter to wait for you at the Craig Fernie inn."

"I'm thinking the letter will ha' lang eneugh to wait, if it waits till I gae back for it to the hottle," remarked Bishopriggs.

"In that case," said Blanche, promptly, "you had better give me an address at which Sir Patrick can write to you. You wouldn't, I suppose, wish me to say that I had seen you here, and that you refused to communicate with him?"

"Never think it!" cried Bishopriggs, fervently. "If there's ain thing mair than anither that I'm carefu' to presairve intact, it's joost the respectful attention that I owe to Sir Paitrick. I'll make sae bauld, miss, as to chairge ye wi' that bit caird. I'm no' settled in ony place yet (mair's the pity at my time o' life!), but Sir Paitrick may hear o' me, when Sir Paitrick has need o' me, there." He handed a dirty little card to Blanche containing the name and address of a butcher in Edinburgh. "Sawmuel Bishopriggs," he went on, glibly. "Care o' Davie Dow, flesher; Cowgate; Embro. My Patmos in the weelderness, miss, for the time being."

Blanche received the address with a sense of unspeakable relief. If she had once more ventured on taking Sir Patrick's place, and once more failed in justifying her rashness by the results, she had at least gained some atoning advantage, this time, by opening a means of communication between her uncle and Bishopriggs. "You will hear from Sir Patrick," she said, and nodded kindly, and returned to her place among the guests.

"I'll hear from Sir Paitrick, wull I?" repeated Bishopriggs, when he was left by himself. "Sir Paitrick will wark naething less than a meeracle if he finds Sawmuel Bishopriggs at the Cowgate, Embro!"

He laughed softly over his own cleverness; and withdrew to a lonely place in the plantation, in which he could consult the stolen correspondence without fear of being observed by any living creature. Once more the truth had tried to struggle into light, before the day of the marriage, and once more Blanche had innocently helped the darkness to keep it from view.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-THIRD.

SEEDS OF THE FUTURE (THIRD SOWING).

After a new and attentive reading of Anne's letter to Geoffrey, and of Geoffrey's letter to Anne, Bishopriggs laid down comfortably under a tree, and set himself the task of seeing his position plainly as it was at that moment.

The profitable disposal of the correspondence to Blanche was no longer among the possibilities involved in the case. As for treating with Sir Patrick, Bishopriggs determined to keep equally clear of the Cowgate, Edinburgh, and of Mrs. Inchbare's inn, so long as there was the faintest chance of his pushing his own interests in any other quarter. No person living would be capable of so certainly extracting the correspondence from him, on such ruinously cheap terms, as his old master. "I'll no' put myself under Sir Paitrick's thumb," thought Bishopriggs, "till I've gane my ain rounds among the lave o' them first."

Rendered into intelligible English, this resolution pledged him to hold no communication with Sir Patrick—until he had first tested his success in negotiating with other persons, who might be equally interested in getting possession of the correspondence, and more liberal in giving hush-money to the thief who had stolen it.

Who were the "other persons" at his disposal, under these circumstances?

He had only to recall the conversation which he had overheard between Lady Lundie and Mrs. Delamayn to arrive at the discovery of one person, to begin with, who was directly interested in getting possession of his own letter. Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn was in a fair way of being married to a lady named Mrs. Glenarm. And here was this same Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn in matrimonial correspondence, little more than a fortnight since, with another lady—who signed herself "Anne Silvester."

Whatever his position between the two women might be, his interest in possessing himself of the correspondence was plain beyond all doubt. It was equally clear that the first thing to be done by Bishopriggs was to find the means of obtaining a personal interview with him. If the interview led to nothing else, it would decide one important question which still remained to be solved. The lady whom Bishopriggs had waited on at Craig Fernie might well be "Anne Silvester." Was Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn, in that case, the gentleman who had passed as her husband at the inn?

Bishopriggs rose to his gouty feet with all possible alacrity, and hobbled away to make the necessary inquiries, addressing himself, not to the men-servants at the dinner-table, who would be sure to insist on his joining them, but to the women-servants left in charge of the empty house.

He easily obtained the necessary directions for finding the cottage. But he was warned that Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn's trainer allowed nobody to see his patron at exercise, and that he would certainly be ordered off again the moment he appeared on the scene.

Bearing this caution in mind, Bishopriggs made a circuit, on reaching the open ground, so as to approach the cottage at the back, under shelter of the trees behind it. One look at Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn was all that he wanted in the first instance. They were welcome to order him off again, as long as he obtained that.

He was still hesitating at the outer line of the trees, when he heard a loud, imperative voice, calling from the front of the cottage, "Now, Mr. Geoffrey! Time's up!" Another voice answered, "All right!" and, after an interval, Geoffrey Delamayn appeared on the open ground, proceeding to the point from which he was accustomed to walk his measured mile.

Advancing a few steps to look at his man more closely, Bishopriggs was instantly detected by the quick eye of the trainer. "Hullo!" cried Perry, "what do you want here?" Bishopriggs opened his lips to make an excuse. "Who the devil are you?" roared Geoffrey. The trainer answered the question out of the resources of his own experience. "A spy, Sir—sent to time you at your work." Geoffrey lifted his mighty fist, and sprang forward a step. Perry held his patron back. "You can't do that, Sir," he said; "the man's too old. No fear of his turning up again—you've scared him out of his wits." The statement was strictly true. The terror of Bishopriggs at the sight of Geoffrey's fist restored to him the activity of his youth. He ran for the first time for twenty years; and only stopped to remember his infirmities, and to catch his breath, when he was out of sight of the cottage, among the trees.

He sat down to rest and recover himself, with the comforting inner conviction that, in one respect at least, he had gained his point. The furious savage, with the eyes that darted fire and the fist that threatened destruction, was a total stranger to him. In other words, *not* the man who had passed as the lady's husband at the inn.

At the same time it was equally certain that he *was* the man involved in the compromising correspondence which Bishopriggs possessed. To appeal, however, to his interest in obtaining the letter was entirely incompatible (after the recent exhibition of his fist) with the strong regard which Bishopriggs felt for his own personal security. There was no alternative now but to open negotiations with the one other person concerned in the matter (fortunately, on this occasion, a person of the gentler sex), who was actually within reach. Mrs. Glenarm was at Swanhaven. She had a direct interest in clearing up the question of a prior claim to Mr. Geoffrey Delamayn on the part of another woman. And she could only do that by getting the correspondence into her own hands.

"Praise Providence for a' its mercies!" said Bishopriggs, getting on his feet again. "I've got twa strings, as they say, to my boo. I trow the woman's the canny string o' the twa—and we'll een try the twanging of her."

He set forth on his road back again, to search among the company at the lake for Mrs. Glenarm.

THE BITTER LAKES, SUEZ CANAL.

One of the most remarkable features of the Suez Canal is the formation of the Bitter Lakes, of which we give an illustration on page 213. A little more than a year ago a traveler passed over the very ground now occupied by these lakes, and then saw nothing but a vast expanse of desert, traversed by an Arab or two on camels, and a flock of goats. But when he again visited Egypt, in November last, all was changed. An inland sea now extends as far as the eye can reach; large steamships are passing over it with screws or paddles, or sailing-vessels with canvas spread to the breeze; the light-houses stand like "wonderful lamps," erected there to guide the mariner, and iron beacons are placed in rows to point out the channel of safety.

What is now called by the French "Les Lacs Amers" was, without doubt, at one time the real northern extremity of the Red Sea. Through changes in the desert the connection must at some early period have been closed, and the waters of this inland lake would soon dry up under the hot sun of that region. Much of the ground a twelvemonth ago was white, like snow, with the salt left when the water evaporated. These lakes, or this lake—for they may now be said to form one body of water—extends about twenty-five miles in length; and, as the bottom was deeper than that of the canal, it was so much labor saved in dredging to make this a portion of the line. All the engineers had to do was to let the water into the basin. It will give some idea of the great extent of this basin to state that the engineers calculated that it would require about seven months to fill up. The portion of the canal-works from the south end of the lake to Suez was the least advanced; so that, although it was but a short distance, in comparison with the distance northward to the Mediterranean, they could not use the Red Sea to let the water flow in, and were obliged to open up a communication with the Mediterranean; and the water thus came a distance of about sixty or seventy miles from Port Said. The ceremony of first letting in the water took place in March last. For months the water flowed in, and it was not till August that the Chalouf cutting was so far advanced that the opening to the Red Sea could be made. But, after that time, the double supply from the two oceans continued to increase, and by the end of October the full level had been attained.

It is impossible here to describe all the arrangements and precautions that were necessary for the successful accomplishment of this portion of the canal. Many doubted that it could be done at all; some said that the water, as it ran in, would be absorbed by the desert; others, that under the summer sun, heating a great expanse, it would evaporate as fast as it came. All that need now be said is that the thing was done. Thousands of people have sailed over the waters of the Bitter Lakes. Most of the vessels put on full steam and set a sail or two when they enter. The tide of the Red Sea, which rises about six feet at Suez, runs up to the Bitter Lakes with considerable force. In passing from the Bitter Lakes to Suez a thick crust of salt can be seen along the bank of the canal; and it is worthy of note that the tide from the Red Sea rises exactly to the level of this old saline strata, showing that the tide rose in former times to this height when it made the deposit.

Our illustration of the Bitter Lakes is taken from the entrance to the canal at the northern end. The mountain of Gebel Attaka is seen in the distance, with the lower range of Gebel Gennafé nearer the lake. There is a small iron light-house at each extremity of the lake, which mark the entrances to the canal, and from the light-house to the canal the channel is indicated by iron posts surmounted by round disks. A depth of 28 feet and 30 feet of water is reported by those who sounded all through the Bitter Lakes.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Electricity promises not only to make our clothes, but, in due time, to keep us warm, and, for aught we know, to cook our food. It is stated that electricity has been applied successfully as a heating medium at the Hôtel Dieu hospital in Paris, and also that other large hospitals of that city will be warmed by it instead of by coal. Quite recently some experiments were performed in Washington by Dr. Leigh Burton, which clearly demonstrated that electricity could be successfully employed as a heating agent. His experiments were made with reference to warming railroad cars. The invention consists of a chain made up of alternate conductors and non-conductors arranged compactly, and the apparatus covered by a metallic plate and placed in front of each seat, in order that the feet of passengers may rest on them. When a current of electricity is sent through these heaters, it is obstructed by the intervening non-conductors, and the evolution of heat is the result; and after the chain has become warmed the heat is radiated to the metallic plate. The advantages of such a method of heating cars are apparent. In case of a train being thrown from the track, the passengers escape the horrible peril of being burned to death—a danger always to be feared when stoves are used.

Atutoacoolakuchargut is the name of a noble river which rises somewhere near the Arctic Ocean, and flows southerly until it empties into the Kvichpak River. It is navigable several hundred miles, running through a country very productive in—*ice*. Other Alaskan rivers glory in the titles of Nocotachigut, Kuyuyukuk, Connecovah, Uealachlut, and Golsova-Richka. The simple nomenclature of these frozen regions may suit the residents; but common people will stumble in the attempt to pronounce.

The Plymouth organ concerts are an established feature of musical life in Brooklyn. Occurring on Saturday afternoon, and strictly confined to the hour from four to five, they are crowded with those who can enjoy and appreciate a short musical performance. Many of our popular concerts are too lengthy to be thoroughly enjoyed by those who understand music only in a general way. A business man, for example, wants to find *rest* as well as enjoyment in the recreation he takes. But if a performance is two or three hours long, he gets rested the first hour, and tired the second. This is true of all amusements. They cease to be really beneficial if continued too long. There have been, up to the present time, forty of these organ concerts in Plymouth Church. An increased interest is given to those who are not fully posted in musical matters by the fact that on the programmes of these concerts is printed a little sketch of the composers whose works are performed.

"According to Milton," remarked a gentlemanly opposer of the "woman movement," "Eve kept silent in Eden, to hear her husband talk. Alas," continued he, in a melancholy tone, "there have been few Eves since." "That is because there have been no husbands worth listening to," quickly retorted the lady to whom he had addressed the remark.

A Massachusetts paper tells a pretty story in connection with Prince Arthur's visit to the Hub. While he was at the St. James's Hotel a certain physician said jokingly to his little nephew of ten years, who was greatly interested in the presence of a prince in the city, "Run up to the hotel, Johnny, and say to the Prince that your aunt would like to have him call and take tea with her." To the astonishment of the good doctor, an hour afterward, Johnny came running in, and declared the Prince was "real nice, though they tried to prevent my seeing him. We had a long talk, and I told him all about mother, where we live, and ever so much." "So you saw him, did you? Well, what did he say? Is he coming to tea?" "No, he can't come; he's only got time to attend the funeral, and he's real sorry." It turned out, on inquiry, that Johnny had presented himself to the usher of the Prince's apartments, was put off, but would not be rebuffed. He wanted to see the Prince, and must, for his uncle had sent him. His persistence finally gained his admittance; he was presented and humored, the interview was mutually agreeable, and the lad had the longest and liveliest chat with Arthur of any person in Massachusetts.

Last year, from a maple grove of one hundred trees in Berkshire, Massachusetts, five hundred pounds of sugar were made in five days—a pound from each tree every day. Vermont probably sends more maple-sugar into the market than any other one of the New England States. The "first run" of the sap is considered the best, so that the maker of sugar taps his trees as soon as he sees evidence that the sap is ascending. This amber-colored fluid, when reduced to sirup, forms a most delicious article for table use. It is, however, rarely to be obtained in the market, as the sugar is more profitable to the manufacturer. If the hot maple sirup is poured upon snow, just before the point of graining, a delicious candy is produced. It is a curious fact that, after the buds begin to swell on the maple-trees, sugar can not be made from the sap—the sirup will not "grain," but becomes thick and ropy. Maple-sugar and sirup lose the delicacy of their peculiar flavor after a few months, though in the case of the sirup it may be brought back in a measure by re-boiling. At this season the owners of maple groves every where are busy with their buckets of sap. It has been thought that it will be a "good sugar year;" but the season has been such a strange one that nothing can be predicted with certainty.

M. Félix Clément has, with immense labor, compiled a huge "Dictionary of Operas," containing the names and some account of more than ten thousand musical compositions. Among the curious particulars contained in "Dictionnaire Lyrique" are the following: "Don Giovanni" has been twice set to music since Mozart's time. "Faust" had been set to music ten times before Gounod produced "Faust et Marguerite." "Clarissa Harlowe" and "Tom Jones" have both been operatized. There is, or was, an opera called "Rehoboam and Jeroboam," and another entitled "The Drunkard's Last Debauch." Operas in the Latin language used to be performed in the Benedictine Convent at Salzburg. One of these works was named "Abdalusius Maurorum in Hispaniâ Rex," composed by Eberlin in 1754; and another "Demetrius solio Moscoviæ restitutus," composed by the same learned organist in 1755.

A grand hotel is projected in London, which is designed to cover an entire square, or rather parallelogram, with streets on every side of it. The roof is to be covered like the "Grand" in Paris, and with a *porte-cochère* in the front centre. The court is to contain an American bar on one side, a Parisian restaurant on the other, with three large billiard-rooms, appropriated respectively to French, English, and American tables. The drawings, which have cost some £2000, are very fine. The architect, in getting them up, has visited all the first-class modern hotels in Europe and the United States. Estimated cost of the hotel about £1,250,000. It is proposed to call it "The Cosmopolitan."

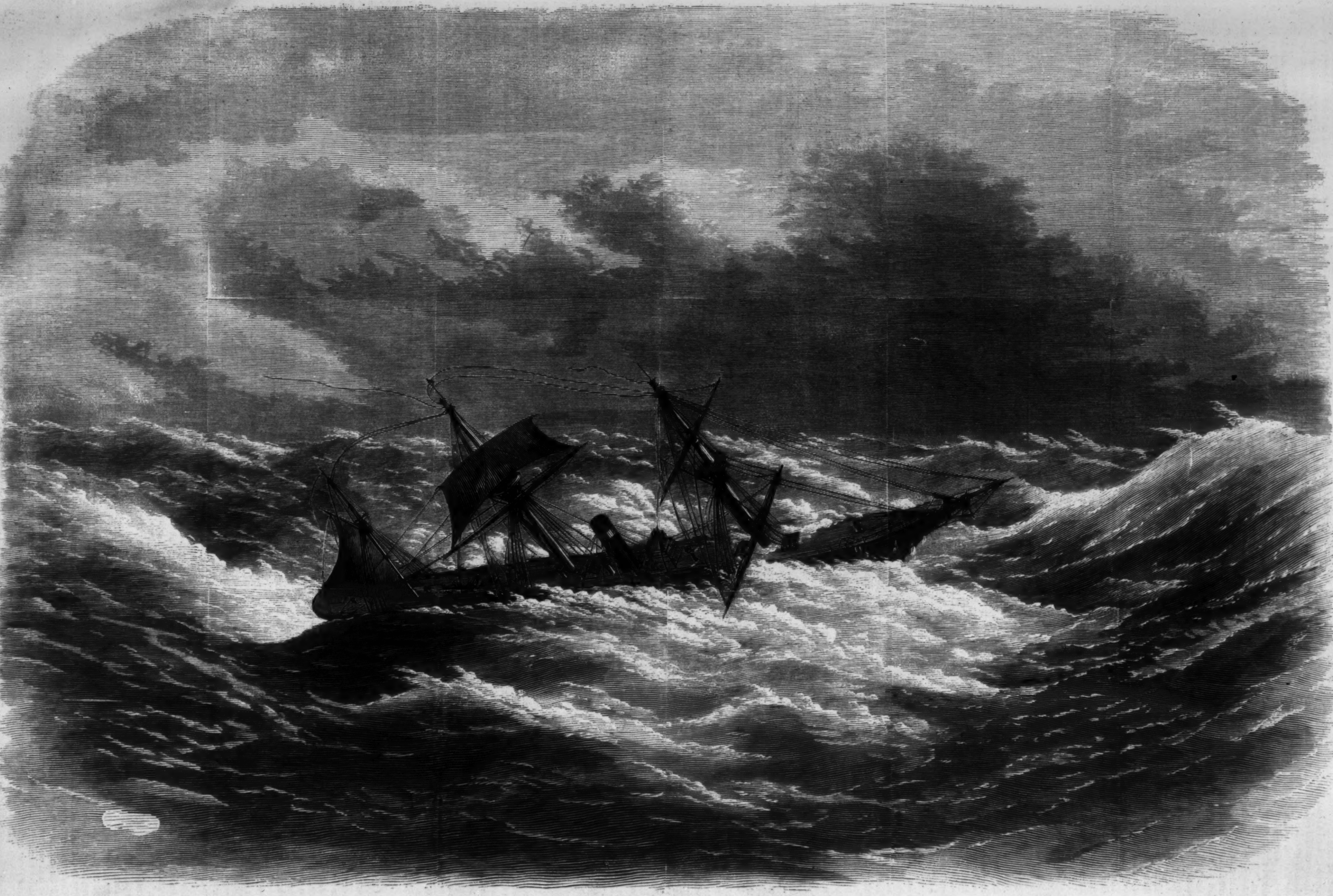
A curious story is told of Rev. W. T. Lucky, Principal of the California State Normal School, and frequently acting as chaplain to the Penitentiary at San Quentin. Recently, while visiting at Sacramento, he was in the Senate Chamber at the opening of the morning session, and was requested to open the proceedings with prayer. This he did in the following words: "O Lord, we pray Thee that Thy mercies may be extended to these poor men, who have been sent here from all parts of the State, convicted of various crimes and misdemeanors; have mercy upon them, we beseech Thee, while they are here serving out the times for which they were sent; and when they have served, and are dismissed from these walls, may they return to their homes better men, and in time may they become useful and upright citizens and honorable members of society!" Possibly the reverend gentleman forgot that he was not in the Penitentiary! But immediately the member from Yolo arose and said: "Mr. President, I move to strike out Yolo County!" and the scene which followed is not easily described.

An exchange says that it is a great satisfaction to know that the ice crop is fine in Alaska—only a quarter of a mile thick!

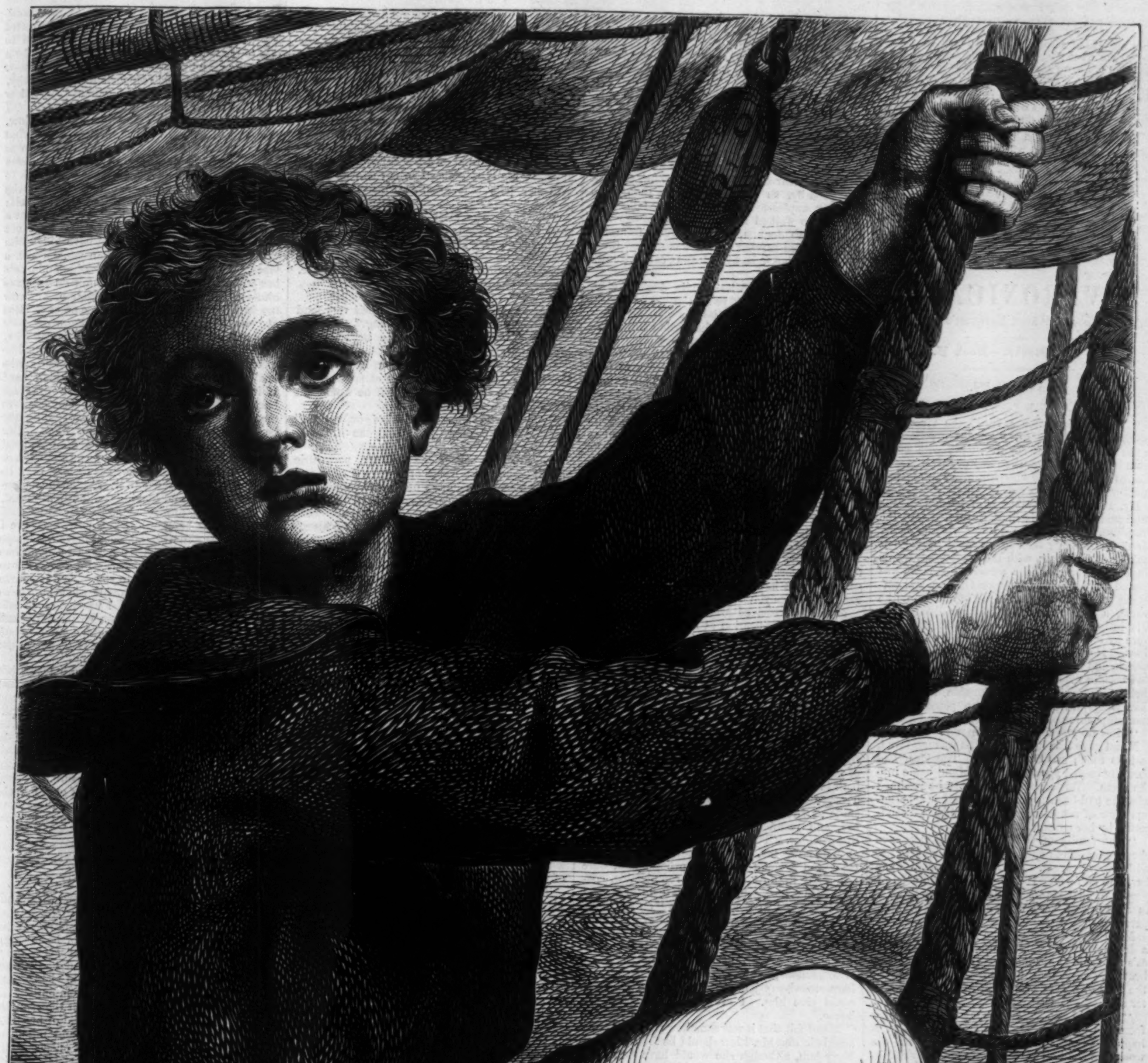
Albany has the doubtful honor of being the abiding-place of a young lady, fashionable, beautiful, blonde—and contemptibly *mean*. Thus the story goes: A beautiful little girl of about ten years, possessed of an abundance of yellow curls, which won the admiration of all who saw them, on her way to school the other day, was overtaken by a fashionably dressed young lady, who entered into conversation with her. She admired her hair, and caressed the curls repeatedly, all the while keeping up a steady flow of conversation. The child heard a quick, sharp snap, and looking up, saw the lady in the act of closing a reticule. Soon after the lady turned up a street, and the child went to school. When she returned home the watchful mother noticed that one of her longest curls had disappeared, and an examination revealed the fact that it had been cut off within an inch of the head.

Brazil is the greatest producer of coffee. That known in the trade as Rio is a Brazilian coffee. Of the 713,000,000 pounds produced in the world per annum, Brazil furnishes 400,000,000, or more than half of the whole. We use in the United States nearly one-third of all the coffee consumed in the world, which is about seven times as much as Great Britain, with a population not very far from the same. Probably one-half the coffee used is ruined in the process of roasting. It should be roasted if possible in a close vessel, with as little exposure to air as may be. Its color when done should be a light chestnut-brown; if black, the materials are decomposed, and the delicious aroma is gone. If the whole of the peculiar richness of coffee is to be preserved, it should be made for the table in a tight vessel, and should not be boiled.

The tunneling business is on the increase. Since the Chicago Lake Tunnel has supplied the city with fresh water, Cleveland has been sanguine as to the success of a similar enterprise for furnishing it with water from Lake Erie. The Cleveland Tunnel will be completed in 1872. It is estimated that it will cost $300,000.



THE MISSING STEAMER.—[See First Page.]



GOING ALOFT.—[See Page 221.]

LAST HEART-BEATS.

Send me—if but a rose-leaf—yet a token
To tell me what your lips have left unspoken,
That you are sorry that my heart is broken,
Before I die.

For soon your silence will no more perplex me,
And soon your coldness will have ceased to vex me,
Although I cling unto the rock that wrecks me
Until I die.

And presently my hand will cease its grasping,
And presently my breath will cease its gasping,
And I shall sink beyond your tardy clasping,
For I shall die.

Ah! you have left me, who would never leave you,
And you have slain me, who did never grieve you;
But I—at least, at least, I can forgive you
Before I die.

Howard Glyndon.

VERONICA.

By the Author of "Aunt Margaret's Trouble."

In Five Books.—Book V.

CHAPTER III.

MRS. PLEW.

"An illustrious house, Sir!" the vicar was saying, as Maud entered. "A family renowned in the history of their country. My wife was a scion of a nobler stock than any of these bucolic squires and squiresses who patronized and looked down upon the vicar's lady!"

Mr. Plew was standing with his hat in one hand and his umbrella in the other, beside the fire-place, and opposite to the vicar's chair. Maud had already seen him several times; but looking at him now, with the governess's words ringing in her ears, she perceived that he was altered. There was the impress of care and suffering on his pale face. Mr. Plew was, on the whole, a rather ridiculous-looking little man. His insignificant features and light blue eyes were by no means formed to express tragic emotions. He had, too, a provincial twang in his speech, and his tongue had never acquired a bold and certain mastery over the letter h. Nevertheless, more intrinsically ignoble individuals than Benjamin Plew have been placed in the onerous position of heroes both in fact and fiction.

"How do you do, Miss Desmond?" said he.

Maud gave him her hand. His was ungloved, and its touch was cold as ice. The vicar had abruptly ceased speaking when Maud came into the room. But after a short pause he resumed what he had been saying, with a rather superfluous show of not having been in the least disconcerted by her entrance.

"The family of—of—the late baronet have shown themselves entirely willing to receive her with every respect. Sir Matthew called upon her, and so forth. But she will have no need of people of that stamp. The prince's position is in all respects very different to that of these parvenus."

Mr. Plew stood bravely to listen, though with a dolorous visage. Maud was silent. The vicar's tone pained her inexpressibly. It was overbearing, triumphant, and yet somewhat angry; the tone of a man who is contradicting his better self.

"If," said Mr. Plew, without raising his eyes from the ground—"if Miss Le—if Veronica is happy and contented, and put right with the world, we shall all have reason to be truly thankful. She must have gone through a great deal of suffering."

"*She* gone through a great deal of suffering!" cried the vicar, with a swift change of mood. "And what do you suppose her suffering has been to compare with mine, Sir? We shall all have reason to be thankful! *We!* Understand that no one can associate himself with my feelings in this matter; no one! Who is it that can put his feelings in comparison with mine!"

Maud glanced up quickly at Mr. Plew, fearing that he might resent this tone. But the surgeon showed neither surprise nor anger. He passed his hand once or twice across his bald forehead like a man in pain, but he said no word. The vicar proceeded for some time in the same strain. Had any one ever suffered such a blow as he had suffered? He, a gentleman by birth and breeding—a man of sensitive pride and unblemished honor! Had not his life, passed among stupid peasants and uncultivated country squires, been dreary enough all these years, but this misery and disgrace must come to crush him utterly? Maud was trembling, and distressed beyond measure. Mr. Plew remained passive. Presently the vicar, who had been walking about the room, ceased speaking, and throwing himself into a chair, he covered his eyes with his hands.

Then Mr. Plew turned to Maud, and said, "Miss Desmond, I am glad you came in before I went away, for I came chiefly to see you. I have a message to deliver to you from my mother."

He spoke quite quietly, only his face betrayed the agitation and pain which the vicar's tirade had caused him.

"A message from Mrs. Plew? What is it?" said Maud, trying to echo his steady tone.

"My mother hopes you will excuse the liberty she takes in asking you, but she is almost entirely unable to go out now. Very often she can't get as far as the church for weeks together. As she can not go to see you, will you come to see her, Miss Desmond? It will be a charitable action."

"Surely I will, if she wishes it."

"She does wish it. Poor soul! she has not many pleasures, and makes, of course, no new friends. The sight of your kind face would do her good."

"When shall I come?"

"Would you drink tea with her this evening? I will see you safe home."

"I don't know whether—" Maud was beginning hesitatingly, when the vicar interposed.

"Go, go, Maudie," he said. "I see that you are hesitating on my account. But I would rather that you went, my child. I shall be busy this evening."

Thus urged, Maud consented, promising to be at Mr. Plew's cottage by six o'clock. And then the surgeon took his leave. Maud was surprised to see the vicar shake hands with him, and bid him good-by, as unconcernedly as though no harsh or unpleasant word had passed his lips. But as she walked to Mr. Plew's cottage that evening with Joanna, Maud learned from the lips of the old servant that it was no new thing for her guardian to be what Joanna called "crabby" with Mr. Plew.

"Lord bless you, Miss Maudie, don't I know, don't I see it all, think ye? I'm old enough to be your grandmother, Miss Maudie, my dear. And you mark my words, that little man, for all his soft ways, and bein' in some respects but a poor creetur, he's gone through a deal for the vicar. He has his own troubles, has Mr. Plew, and it isn't for me to say any thing about *them.* But I do declare as I never see any mortal bear with another as he bears with the vicar, except it was a woman, of course, you know, Miss Maudie. A woman 'll do as much for them as she's fond of. But to see his patience, and the way he'd come evening after evening, whenever his sick folk could spare him, and talk, or be talked to, and never say a word about hisself, but go on letting the vicar fancy as *he* was the worst used and hardest put upon mortal in the world—which the poor master he seemed to take a kind of pride in it, if you can make that out, Miss Maudie. Lord bless you, my dear, it was for all the world like a woman! For a man in general won't have the sense to *pretend* a bit, even if he loves you ever so!"

Mrs. Plew received Maud with many demonstrations of gratification at her visit, and many apologies for having troubled her to come and spend a dull evening with a lonely old woman. Mrs. Plew was rather like her son in person, mild-eyed, fair, and small. She was somewhat of an invalid, and sat all day long, sewing or knitting, in her big chair, and casting an intelligent eye over the household operations of the little orphan from the work-house, who was her only servant. She wore a big cap, with a muslin frill framing her face all round, and a "front" of false hair, which resembled nothing so much, both in color and texture, as the outside fibres of a cocoa-nut. Maud could scarcely repress a smile as she looked at the meek figure before her, and recalled Miss Turtle's grandiloquent comparisons. The surgeon was not able to be at home for tea. His portion of home-made cake, and a small pot of strawberry-jam, were put ready for him on a small round table, covered with a snow-white cloth. The little servant was instructed to keep the kettle "on the boil," so that when her master should return a cup of hot, fragrant tea should be prepared for him without delay.

"There," said Mrs. Plew, contemplating these arrangements, "that 'll be all nice for Benjy. He likes strawberry-jam better than any thing you could give him. I always have some in the house."

Maud felt that it was somehow right and characteristic that Mr. Plew should be fond of strawberry-jam, although she would have been puzzled to say why. Then the old woman sat down with a great web of worsted knitting in her hand, and began to talk. Her talk was all of her son. What "Benjy" said, and did, and thought, furnished an inexhaustible source of interest to her life.

"Ah, I wish I'd known more of *you* in days past, Miss Desmond, love," which Mrs. Plew invariably pronounced *loove.* "Well, well, by-gones are by-gones, and talking mends nothing." Mrs. Plew paused, heaved a deep sigh, and proceeded.

"To-day Benjy went to the vicarage to ask you here, and, when he came back, I saw in his face that minute that he had been upset. 'Any thing wrong at Shipley Vicarage, Benjy?' I said. 'No, mother,' says he. 'I'll tell you by-and-by.' With that he went up stairs into his own room. I heard his step on the boards overhead; and then all was as still as still, for better than an hour. After that he came down and stood, with his hat on ready to go out, at the door of the parlor. And he said, 'There's good news for Mr. Levincourt, mother.' And then he told me—what I have no need to tell *you*, love, for you know it already. And as soon as he'd told it he went out. And do you know, Miss Desmond, that for all he kept his face in shadow, and spoke quite cheerful, I could see that he'd—he'd been shedding tears. He had indeed, love!"

"Oh, Mrs. Plew!"

"Ay, it is dreadful to think of a grown man crying, my dear. But it was so. Though I never set up to be a clever woman, there's no one so sharp as me to see the truth about my son. If ever you're a mother yourself, you'll understand that, love. Well, I sat and pondered after he was gone. And I thought to myself, 'well now this one thing is certain; *she's* far and away out of his reach for evermore. And now, perhaps, that things have turned out so, that there's no need for any one to fret and pine about what's to become of her, it may be that Benjy will put his mind at rest, and pluck up a spirit, and think of doing what I've so long wanted him to do.'"

Maud knew not what to say. She felt ashamed for Veronica before this man's mother, as she had not yet felt ashamed for her. At length she faltered out, "What is it you wish your son to do, Mrs. Plew?"

"Why, to marry, my dear young lady; I ain't one of those mothers that wants their children to care for nobody but them. It isn't natural nor right. If my Benjy could but have a good wife, to take care of him when I am gone, I should be quite happy."

The recollection of Miss Turtle came into Maud's mind, and she said, impulsively (blushing violently the moment the words were out), "I saw Mrs. Meggitt's governess this afternoon."

Mrs. Plew had put on her spectacles to see her knitting, and she glanced over them at Maud with her pale blue eyes, half surprised, half pleased.

"To be sure! Miss Turtle. She's a very good young woman, is Miss Turtle. I'm sure she has been very kind and attentive to me, and it don't make me the less grateful, because I see very well that *all* the kindness is not for my sake. I suppose she spoke to you of Benjy?"

"Yes."

"Ah, to be sure she would! She's very fond of Benjy, is Miss Turtle, poor thing."

"Does—does Mr. Plew like her?" asked Maud, timidly.

"Oh yes, Miss Desmond, love, he *likes* her. He don't do more than like her at present, I'm afraid. But that might come, if he would but make up his mind."

"Miss Turtle seems very fond of you, ma'am," said Maud, involuntarily recalling the "Mother of the Gratchy."

"Why, I do believe she likes me, poor little thing! She talks a bit of nonsense now and again about my being so noble-minded and devoted to my son. And once she said, that if she was in my place she was sure that she could never have the sparkling virtue to give up his affections to another woman, be she ten times his wife."

"The—the what virtue?"

"Sparkling, I think she said. But my hearing is treacherous at times. But, la, my love, that's only her flummery. She means no harm. And she's good-tempered, and healthy, and industrious, and— Look here, Miss Desmond, love," continued the old woman, laying her withered hand on Maud's arm, and lowering her voice mysteriously; "you have heard Miss Turtle talk. Any one can see with half an eye how fond she is of Benjy. She makes no secret of it. Now, if, whenever you've a chance to speak to Benjy—I know he goes to the vicarage pretty well every day—if you would just say a word for poor Miss Turtle, and try to advise him like—"

"Oh, Mrs. Plew, how could I do such a thing? I am not old enough, nor wise enough, to take the liberty of offering my advice to Mr. Plew, especially on such a subject."

"But I don't want you to say it plain right out, you know. Just drop a word here and a word there, now and again, in favor of Miss Turtle. Won't you, now? Benjy thinks a deal of what you say."

Thus the old woman prattled on. By-and-by Mr. Plew's step was heard on the gravel path outside. And his mother hastily whispered to Maud a prayer that she would not say a word to "Benjy" about the confidence she had been making. Then the surgeon came in, and had his tea at the side-table. And they all sat and chatted softly in the twilight. It was such a peaceful scene; the little parlor was so clean and fragrant with the smell of dried lavender; the scanty, old-fashioned furniture shone with such a speckless polish; the clear evening sky was seen through window-panes as bright as crystal, and the little surgeon and his mother looked the embodiment of cozy domestic comfort. How strange it was, Maud thought, to consider Mr. Plew in the light of an object of romantic attachment! Strange, too, to think of his being a victim to helpless love! He ate his strawberry-jam with as quiet a relish as though the beautiful Veronica Levincourt had never dazzled his eyes, or made his pulse beat quickly. Surely it would be good for him to have a kind little wife to take care of him!

When she was walking home through the Shipley lanes with Mr. Plew, Maud endeavored to lead the conversation on to the subject of Miss Turtle's merits. Mr. Plew, however, replied absently and monosyllabically to her shyly uttered remarks. At length, as they neared the vicarage, Mr. Plew stood still. He took off his hat so as to let the evening air blow on his forehead, and looked up at the transparent sky wherein a few stars twinkled faintly.

"Miss Desmond," he said, "I have not had an opportunity of saying a word to you since this morning. I should not have mentioned *her* to you had not the vicar told me that you went to see her in London. It was very good of you to see her. God bless you for it, Miss Desmond!"

This was so unexpected that Maud could find no word to say in reply.

"How was she looking? Is she changed?"

"Very little changed, I think; certainly not less beautiful."

"And did you see—the—the—man she is going to marry?"

"No."

"Did she speak of him to you? Look here, Miss Desmond, you need not be afraid to talk to me of Veronica freely and openly. I understand your kindness and delicacy. You think, perhaps, that it might pain me to hear certain things. But, indeed, to think that she will be happy gives me great comfort. I am not selfish, Miss Desmond."

"I think that you are most unselfish, most generous, and it only pains me very much to think of your goodness being unappreciated."

Maud spoke with warmth, and a tear came into her eye. She was remembering the vicar's harsh, unfeeling behavior in the morning.

"Oh, you praise me a great deal too highly," said Mr. Plew, looking at her with genuine surprise. "The fact is that I always knew Veronica to be far above me. I never had any real hope, though I—I— Sometimes she liked to talk to me, and I was fool enough to fancy for a moment— But that was not her fault, you know. She could not be held responsible for my vanity. When she went away," he pursued, in a low voice, almost like one talking to himself, "I thought at first that I had got a death-blow. For weeks I believe I did not rightly know what I was saying and doing. I suppose there was some kind of instinct in me that kept me from doing any thing wild or outrageous enough to get me locked up for a madman. But at the worst, my grief was more for her than myself; it was, as true as God's in heaven! I am not a fierce man by nature, but if I could have got hold of—of that villain, I would have killed him with no more compunction than you'd crush a viper. But any man that marries her and treats her well, there's nothing I wouldn't do to serve him—nothing! All love is over for me. I know my own shortcomings, and I blame no one. But *she* was the first and the last. I know my poor mother wants me to marry. But it can't be, Miss Desmond. I'm sorry for her disappointment, poor soul! I try to be good to her. She has been a very good mother to me, bless her! If it had been possible for Veronica to come back free, and to have held out her hand to me, I couldn't have taken it. She could never be the same woman I loved any more. But neither can I love any other. I dare say you don't understand the feeling. I can not explain it to myself. Only I know it is so, and must be so, for as long as I have to live." Then suddenly breaking off, and looking penitently at Maud, he said, "Oh, forgive me, Miss Desmond! I boasted of not being selfish just now, and here I am wearying you with talk about myself. I hope you'll excuse it. The truth is, I have no one that I can speak to about her. I dare not say to the vicar what I have said to you. And of course I don't put forward my trouble when he has so much of his own to bear. I was led on to talk almost unawares. You listen so patiently and quietly. Here we are at the garden-gate. Shall I come up the pathway? There is Joanna at the door. Good-night, Miss Desmond."

Maud's eyes were so blurred with tears that she did not at first perceive that old Joanna had hastened to the door in order to be the first to give her a letter which she now held up triumphantly as Maud entered.

"A letter, Miss Maudie! One as you'll be glad to have!"

It was from Hugh. Maud took it, and ran to her own room to enjoy her treasure.

After a few fond lover's words of greeting, the first that her eye lighted on were these: "I have had a long interview with Lady Gale."

CHAPTER IV.

AN UNEXPECTED ARRIVAL.

"I have had a long interview with Lady Gale."

It was a minute or so before Maud recollected Veronica's announced intention of bestowing a marriage portion on her, and of speaking to Hugh on the subject. But Maud had warned her not to expect that Hugh would yield. And yet Veronica had persisted in her intention. It was, doubtless, in order to fulfill it that she had sought Hugh. The further perusal of her letter confirmed this supposition. Maud might, of course, have satisfied her mind at once as to the correctness of her guess; but, instead of doing so, she had sat for a minute or two, letter in hand, vaguely wondering and supposing—a waywardness of mind that most people have occasionally experienced under similar circumstances.

"I told her that it could not be," wrote Hugh; "that I knew you had already answered for yourself, and that I must entirely approve and confirm your answer. Was not that right, dearest? She tried, when her first attempt had failed, to take a different tone, and to tell me that it was *right* and just that you should have a portion of the wealth left by Sir John Gale. She even said a word about the duty of carrying out her late husband's intentions! Think of that, Maudie! But I took the liberty of pointing out to her, that if *that* were her object, she must make over every farthing to you without loss of time, since it was clear that Sir John Gale had never intended that any portion of his wealth should be enjoyed by *her*. I don't think she is used to such plain speaking, and she looked mightily astonished."

That was all in the letter relating to Veronica, except a word at the end. "I forgot to say that her ladyship did me the honor to make me a confidence. She informed me that she was to be married to Prince Barletti almost immediately. For obvious reasons the marriage would be quite quiet. I saw the said prince; not an ill-looking fellow, although there is something queer about his eyes. Veronica told me that Sir Matthew Gale had consented to remain in town in order to give her away! I had a strong impression that she was telling me all this in order that it might be communicated to you, and by you to Mr. Levincourt. Oh, my sweet, pure Maudie, what a perfume of goodness seems to surround you! Only to think of you, after being with that woman, refreshes one's very soul."

Maud ran down stairs, after reading her letter through, to communicate to the vicar that part of it which related to his daughter. But Mr. Levincourt was not within. It was past nine o'clock, yet Joanna said that it was very likely her master would not be at home for another hour or more.

"Do you know where he is?" asked Maud.

"I don't know for certain, Miss Maudie," said the old woman, dryly; "but I'd lay a wager he's at Meggitt's. He hasn't been there yet since you've come back. But, for better than three months before, he's been there constant, evening after evening. They're no fit company for such a gentleman as master, farmer folks like them. I wonder what he can find in them! But they flatter him and butter him up. And Mrs. Meggitt, she goes boasting all over Shipley how thick her and hers is with the vicar. Good Lord! if men ben't fools in some things!"

"Hush, Joanna; you must not speak so. The vicar knows better than you or I either where it is proper and fit for him to go."

But although she thus rebuked the old servant, Maud did not, in her heart, like this new intimacy. It was part of the general lowering she had already noticed in the vicar's character.

She sat down alone in the parlor to re-read her dear letter. There was but little news in it. Hugh was well; was working hard; and although he had not yet succeeded in finding the necessary money for the purchase of the business in Daneshire, he by no means despaired of doing so. His mother sent her fond love to Maud, and missed her sadly. The remainder of the epistle was full of words of the fondest and warmest affection. They were very precious and interesting to Maud, but would scarcely be deemed so by the reader.

It may as well be mentioned here that Maud was in ignorance of Mr. Frost's debt to Hugh. He had debated with himself whether he should or should not make her acquainted with it; and he had decided in the negative, perceiving that it would be impossible to do so without revealing his mother's story, and that he conceived he had no right to do without her permission.

Maud sat and read, and re-read her letter. And then she took out the little plain wooden desk she had used as a child, and set herself to begin an answer to it. More than half an hour passed thus. It was half past ten o'clock, and still no vicar!

Maud at last began to think that Mr. Levincourt might prefer not to find her sitting up on his return. She had an instinctive feeling that he would a little shrink from saying to her that he had been passing his evening at Farmer Meggitt's. He had never yet, in speaking with her, alluded to the growth of his intimacy with the farmer's family. With this feeling in her mind, she resolved to write out the words about Veronica's marriage, stating that she copied them from Hugh's letter, and to lay the paper on the table, so that the vicar could not fail to see it when he should come in. Just as she had finished her task he returned.

"You up still, Maud!" said he. "Why did you not go to bed?" He spoke with a sharp, querulous tone, very unusual with him when addressing his ward, and made no allusion as to where he had been. Maud was glad that she had written what the vicar had to learn. She slipped the paper into his hand, kissed his forehead, and ran quickly up to bed.

The next morning the vicar was as bland as usual, perhaps a trifle more bland than he had been for a long time. He asked Maud how she had passed the evening at Mr. Plew's, and seemed quite amused by her account of Mrs. Plew's anxiety that her son should marry.

"That little Miss Turtle, hey? Ha, ha, ha! How absurd it seems to look upon Plew in the light of an object of hopeless attachment! There is an incongruity about it that is deliciously ridiculous."

"I think," said Maud, rather gravely, "that Mr. Plew well deserves to be loved. He is very kind and unselfish."

"Oh yes, child. That of course. That is all very true. There is a great deal of homespun, simple goodness of heart about poor Plew. But that does not prevent his being extremely comic when considered in a romantic point of view. But you're a wee bit matter-of-fact, Maudie. You don't quite perceive the humor of the thing. Which of our modern writers is it who observes that women very rarely *have* a sense of humor? Well, why in the world don't Plew marry little Miss Turtle? Upon my word I should say it would do admirably!"

"I'm afraid—I think that Mr. Plew is not in love with Miss Turtle, Uncle Charles."

"My *dear* Maudie! How *can* you be so intensely—what shall I say?—solemn? The idea of a 'grande passion' between a Plew and a Turtle is too funny!"

"I think, Uncle Charles," said Maud, resolutely, and not without a thrill of indignation in her voice, "I do believe that, absurd as it may seem, Mr. Plew *has* felt a true and great passion; that he feels it still; and that he will never overcome it as long as he lives."

For one brief instant the vicar's face was clouded over by a deep, dark frown—a frown not so much of anger as of pain. But almost immediately he laughed it off, stroking Maud's bright hair as he had been used to do when she was a child, and saying, "Pooh, pooh, little Maudie! Little soft-hearted, silly Maudie thinks that because *she* has a true lover all the rest of the world must be in love too! Set your mind at rest, little Goldielocks. And—go whenever you can to that poor old woman. It will be but charitable. Don't think of *me*. I have occupations, and duties, and—besides, I must learn to do without your constant companionship, Maudie. I can not have you always with me. Don't mope here on *my* account, my dear child. And to visit the sick and aged is an act, positively, of Christian duty."

Again Maud had the painful perception of something hollow in all this; and the sense of being ashamed of the perception. The suspicion would force itself on her mind that the vicar purposely shut his eyes to the truth of what she had said of Mr. Plew; and, moreover, that in urging her not to stay at home on his account, her guardian was providing against her being a check on his full liberty to pass his own time how and with whom he pleased. Mr. Levincourt said no word about the contents of the written paper Maud had given him. And at the close of the above-recorded conversation he rose and took his hat, as though about to go out according to his custom after breakfast.

"Uncle Charles!" cried Maud, in a low, pleading voice, "you have not said any thing—did you read the paper I gave you last night?"

"Yes, oh yes, I read it, thank you, my dear child. I—I was not wholly unprepared to hear that the marriage would take place so soon. In—my daughter's letter to me—she said—justly enough—that there was no real reason for a very long delay."

Then the vicar sauntered out of the house, and down the long gravel-walk, with as unconcerned an air as he could assume.

"He seems not to care," thought Maud, with sorrowful wonder. "He seems to care so much less than he did about every thing."

"Master *was* at Meggitt's last night, Miss Maudie," said Joanna, as she cleared away the breakfast things. This was not her usual task. Catherine, the younger maid, habitually performed it; and, indeed, Joanna very seldom now left her own domain of the kitchen. But it seemed that on this occasion she had come up stairs purposely to say those words to Maud. "Yes, he *were*," she repeated, doggedly, provoked at Maud's silence, and changing the form of her affirmation as though she conceived emphasis to be in an inverse ratio to grammar.

"Well, Joanna?"

"Oh, very well, of course, Miss Maudie! It's all right enough, I dare say. Bless your sweet face!" added the old woman, with sudden compunction at her own ill-humor, "I'm pleased and thankful as you'll have a good husband to take care of you, and a house of your own to go to, my dearie. It was real pretty of you to tell old Joanna all about it when you came back. 'Tis the best bit of news I've heard this many a long day."

Catherine coming into the room at this juncture (much surprised to see herself forestalled in her duty), began with youthful indiscretion to announce that she had just seen Mrs. Meggitt at the "general shop;" and that Mrs. Meggitt was as high and saucy as high and saucy could be; and that folks did say— She was, at this point, ignominiously cut short by Joanna, who demanded sternly what she meant by gossiping open-mouthed before her betters. She was further informed that some excuse might be made for her ignorance, as not having had the advantage of having lived with "county families!" not but what she might have picked up a little manners, serving as she did a real gentleman like the vicar, and a real, right-down, thorough-bred lady like Miss Maudie! And was finally sent down stairs, somewhat indignant and very much astonished.

Maud was pained and puzzled by all this. And her mind dwelt more and more on the change she observed in her guardian. There was only one person (always saving and excepting Hugh. But then Hugh was far away. And, besides, her great endeavor was to make her letters to him cheerful, and not to add to his cares)—there was but one to whom she could venture to hint at this source of trouble.

The friend in whom she could unhesitatingly confide was Mrs. Sheardown; and Maud longed for an opportunity of talking with her. But here, again, things had become different during her more than twelve months' absence from Shipley. The vicar had withdrawn himself from the Sheardowns, as he had withdrawn himself from other friends and acquaintances. The captain and his wife still came to St. Gildas, but Joanna said it was nearly three months since they had set foot within the vicarage; and the master never went to Lowater. Maud had seen her kind friends at church. They had greeted her on leaving St. Gildas with all their old warmth of affection; and Mrs. Sheardown had said some word about her coming to Lowater so soon as the vicar could spare her. But they had not been to the vicarage, nor had Maud thought it right to offer to leave her guardian alone so soon after her return. Now, however, she yearned so much for the sweetness of Nelly Sheardown's womanly sympathy, and the support of Nelly Sheardown's womanly sense, that she sent off a note to Lowater House, asking what day she might go over there, as she longed to see and speak with its dear master and mistress. A reply came back as quickly as it was possible for it to come. This was the answer:

"Darling Maud,—How sweet of you not to mistrust us! We have not been to see you, dear girl, but the wherefores (various) must be explained when we meet. Come on Saturday and sleep. We will bring you back when we drive in to church the next day, if it needs must be so. Tom and Bobby send you their best (Bobby amends my phrase. He insists on *very* best) love. Present our regards to the vicar.

"Ever, dear Maud,

"Your loving friend, N. S."

This was on Monday. Maud easily obtained the vicar's permission to accept Mrs. Sheardown's invitation.

"Oh, certainly," he said. "Go by all means. It would be hard to expect you to give up your friends and share the loneliness of my life."

The fact was that the vicar's life was not lonely. Maud, as she thought of the companions he chose, and the society he had voluntarily abandoned, felt that a lonely life would have been better for her guardian than that which he led. However, she looked forward eagerly to her visit to Lowater.

But before the appointed Saturday arrived an event happened which put every thing else out of Maud's mind for a while. She had been out one morning, visiting some poor sick people in the village, and her way homeward lying in the neighborhood of Mrs. Plew's cottage, she had called there, to have a chat with the old lady. It was rather later than she had intended when she left Mrs. Plew's; and she hastened home, fearing to be late for the two o'clock dinner. When she reached the vicarage, the house door stood ajar. That was no new thing. Maud entered quietly and looked into the dining-room. There was no one there, nor in the parlor. Her guardian had not yet come in, then. The house was very silent. She called Joanna. No one answered, and there was no sound of voices in the kitchen. Maud ran down stairs, and found the kitchen empty; but through the lattice window she saw Joanna, Catherine, and Joe Dowsett, the groom, apparently in eager conversation. They were standing beside the stable door at some distance from the house.

"Joanna," called Maud. "Is it not dinner time? Where is Mr. Levincourt?"

"Lord a mercy, there's Miss Maudie!" cried Joanna, as excitedly as though the young girl's apparition was of the most unexpected and tremendous nature. Then she hobbled quickly up to the kitchen door, where Maud stood, followed by Catherine.

"Is any thing the matter?" asked Maud.

"Not a bit on it, Miss Maudie. Don't ye be flustered. Only the master's not coming home to dinner. He's gone to Shipley Magna."

"To Shipley Magna!"

"Yes: here's Joe Dowsett as 'll tell you all about it. Joe, Joe, come here! And who do you think, Miss Maudie, my dear, is at the Crown Inn there?"

"At the Crown Inn? What do you mean?"

"Why, Miss Veronica! At least Miss Veronica as was. And her new husband."

RECEPTION OF A BENEDICTINE MONK.

On page 220 we give an illustration of the ceremony of the reception of a new member into the Benedictine Order at Rome. This ceremony was performed on New Year's Day, in the sumptuously-decorated new Church of St. Paul Without the Walls, built in the desert Campagna, two or three miles from the nearest houses of the city, on the road called the Appian Way, by which the Apostle Paul traveled to Rome after his landing at the mouth of the Tiber. The novice about to be initiated was a young man from America, whose name is not generally known. The most remarkable feature of the ceremonial is that which is shown in the engraving. The newly-made monk lay down upon the floor (a mosaic pavement), which was spread with a piece of black velvet in this place, and he was then completely covered with a pall of black silk held by two boys. This is designed for an emblematic representation of his act of self-surrender in dying to the world. After the performance of the mass, he was desired by the officiating priest to arise from the state of death, and to enter a state of new spiritual life; upon which the black pall was removed.

FONT OF HOLY-WATER IN ST. PETER'S.

On entering the nave of St. Peter's, the first things which strike the visitor's attention are the two fonts of holy-water, shown in our illustration on page 220. The cherubs, of white marble, by which these fonts are guarded, are each about the size of a full-grown man; but the great size of the surrounding architecture makes them seem small. They are beautiful works of sculpture. The drapery around them is partly of white and partly of black marble. The gigantic shell which holds the water is of a rich deep yellow or orange marble. The cherubs, while holding this shell, seem to be presenting it with an action as if of desire that all would come and partake of the water. There is a font of similar design and sculpture on each side of the nave, near the entrance doors. Each font is placed between two of the great pilasters, and the drapery of the figures is spread out over the mouldings of the bases of those pilasters. Many interesting groups of people are seen at these fonts, dipping their hands into the water and crossing themselves, as they enter the church, with their faces to the high altar. Some may be seen on their knees, at prayer. Children are often held up to dip their hands into the water; but sometimes their mothers give them a little of it in their hands, with which to perform the ceremony of crossing themselves.

THE WORK OF THE HEART.

Professor Haughton has recently calculated the total daily work performed by the human heart. He starts with the following postulates, which the physiologists will readily grant: 1. That three ounces of blood are driven from each ventricle at each stroke of the heart. 2. That the hydrostatical pressure on the left ventricle and aorta, against which the blood is forced out, amounts to a column of blood 9923 feet in vertical height. 3. That the muscular force of the left ventricle, in contracting, bears to that of the right ventricle the ratio of 13 to 5. His calculations show that the daily work done by the left ventricle is 89.706 foot-tons, while that done by the right ventricle is 34.502 foot-tons, so that the total daily work of the heart is equivalent to a force lifting more than 124 tons through one foot of verticle height. The following illustrations will enable our readers to appreciate this enormous force more fully: 1. Three old women, sitting beside the fire, alternately spinning and sleeping, do more work by the constant beating of their hearts than can be done in a day by the strongest "navvy." 2. No labor is regarded as more severe than that of the muscles employed during a boat-race; and yet their labor is only three-fourths of that exercised day and night during life by each of our hearts. 3. Let us suppose that the heart expends its extreme force in lifting its own weight vertically. It is found by calculation that it could raise its own weight 19,754 feet, or nearly four miles, in one hour. An active mountain-climber can lift his own body at the rate of 1000 feet per hour, which is only one-twentieth part of the energy of the heart. When a prize was offered some years ago for the locomotive Alp engine that could lift its own weight through the greatest height in one hour, it was gained by the "Bavaria," which lifted itself (Professor Haughton says "herself," but why a locomotive should be a female we don't know) through 2700 feet in an hour. This result, remarkable as it is, reaches only one-eighth part of the energy of the human heart. Hence, from whatever point of view we regard the human heart, it is entitled to be considered as the most wonderful mechanism with which we are acquainted.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

To Sharpen the Appetite—Swallow a whetstone, or eat a dollar's worth at a New York restaurant.

If you want to get a sure crop and a big yield, sow wild oats.

A printer's devil wanting to kiss his sweet-heart, addressed her as follows: "Miss Lucy, can I have the pleasure of placing my 'imprint' upon your bill?"

A Nevada editor returns thanks to his friends for two Christmas presents—a Bible and a bottle of whisky. He says he has perused the latter with the utmost satisfaction, and feels better.

Did any body ever see a "train of thought" on a railway?

A candidate for medical honors having thrown himself almost into a fever from his incapacity to answer the questions, was asked: "How would you sweat a person for the rheumatism?" He replied: "I would send him here to be examined."

Worldly Obligations—The dews of the earth.

A clergyman at Cambridge preached a sermon which one of the auditors commended. "Yes," said the gentleman to whom it was mentioned, "it was a good sermon, but he stole it." This was repeated to the preacher, who resented it, and called on the gentleman to retract. "I will," replied the aggressor. "I said you had stolen the sermon. I find I was wrong, for on referring to the book whence I thought it was taken, *I found it there.*"

Elevated railways will be a good field for highwaymen.

A little fellow has just begun going to the public schools. His mother, to stimulate him to attention to his lessons, said to him the other day:

"Charley, if you study hard, you may some day become President of the United States, like George Washington. Who knows?"

"Don't talk to *me* about being President!" exclaimed he; "every body's going to be President. When we go to school, the first thing the teacher does she calls the names of all the little boys, and they all say 'President.' I don't want to be President."

The Jockey-Club Perfume—Essence of horse-radish.

Sentence of death was once passed upon a notorious villain by a popular judge, who desired to maintain and extend his popularity. He said: "Mr. Green, you have just been found guilty. Will you have the kindness to stand up, Mr. Green? I really would not trouble you, Mr. Green, but such is the established custom of the court. As I was saying, Mr. Green, you have been found guilty by the jury, Mr. Green, of—of—I believe you called it murder, Mr. Foreman of the jury? yes—murder. You will please take notice, Mr. Green, that it is the jury who find you guilty, not I, Mr. Green. I express no opinion on the subject, but I am compelled by the law—it's a mere formality, so far as I am concerned, Mr. Green—to sentence you to be hanged by the neck till you are dead—dead. At what time would it be agreeable to you to be hanged, Mr. Green?"

A Savage Tar—Tar-tar.

"Well, Patrick, what have you to say about stealing the pig?" "Well, yer Honor, ye see it was jist this: Pig took upon him to sleep in my bit of a garden for three nights, yer Honor, and I jist sayzed him foor the rint!"

Change in the Money Market—Silver.

With regard to articles of merchandise, we find that iron is firm, but India rubber is a little yielding. Chloroform is still a drug in the market, and millstones are difficult to move. Oysters yesterday were opened quietly, and ultimately went down still lower. Lead is rather heavy, but tin is eagerly sought for. A prospectus has been issued of a new Aquarium Company, but the tendency is to throw cold water upon it. The Tobacco Loan still remains popular, borrowers of cigars being easily found.

COURTSHIP.

Clara, I love but thee alone
(Thus sighed the tender youth):
Oh, hear me, then, my passion own,
With trembling lips, in earnest tone:
Indeed I speak the truth.

He paused—the blush o'erspread her cheek,
She let him draw her near;
Scarce for emotion could she speak,
Yet still she asks in accents meek,
How much he had a year!

Where would you look for a coarse race of men?—On a race course.

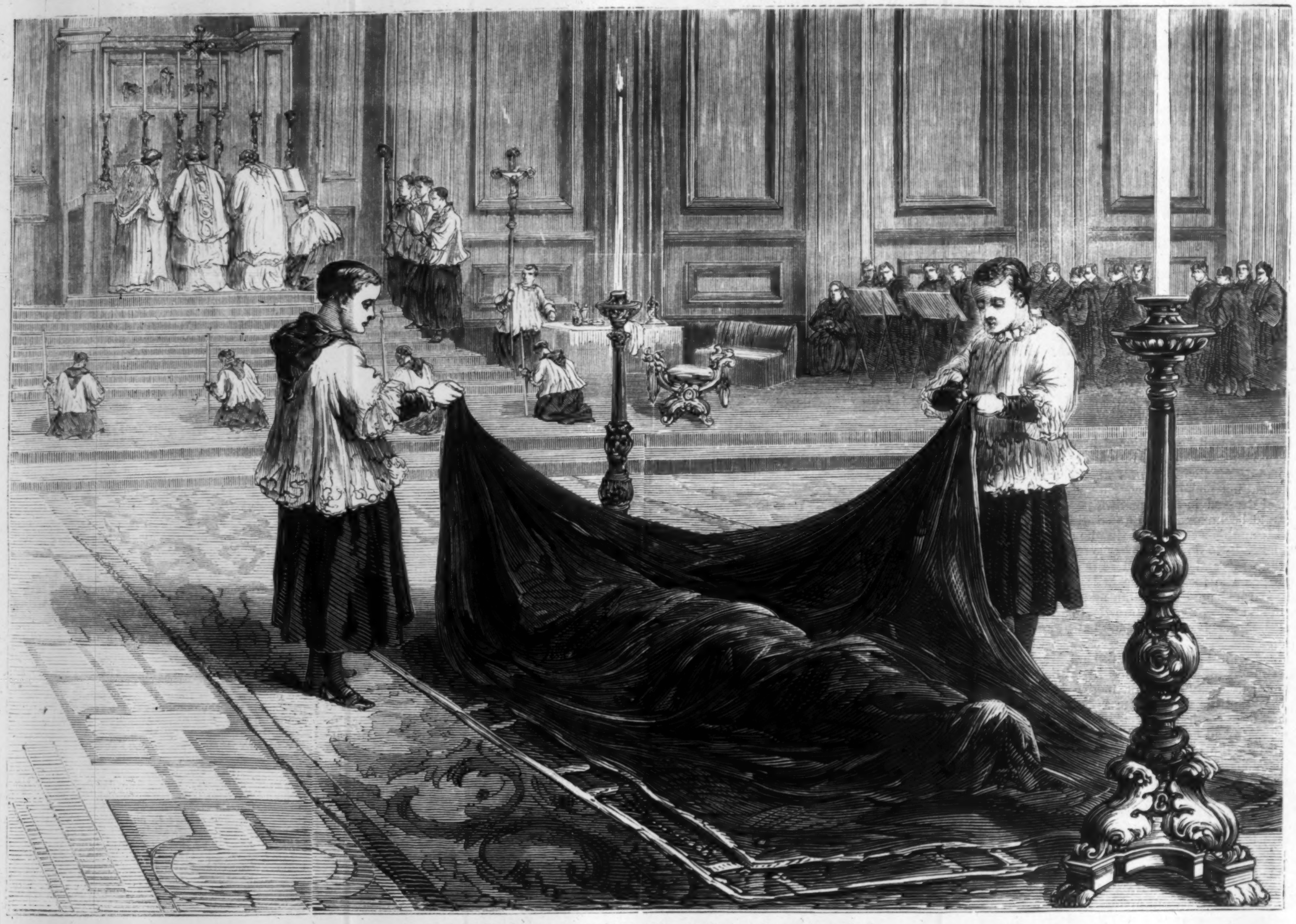
A Boston writer, in alluding to the musical taste of the Hub, says: "Our ears have been cultivated until they overshadow our other organs."

The Miser's Disease—Money-mania.

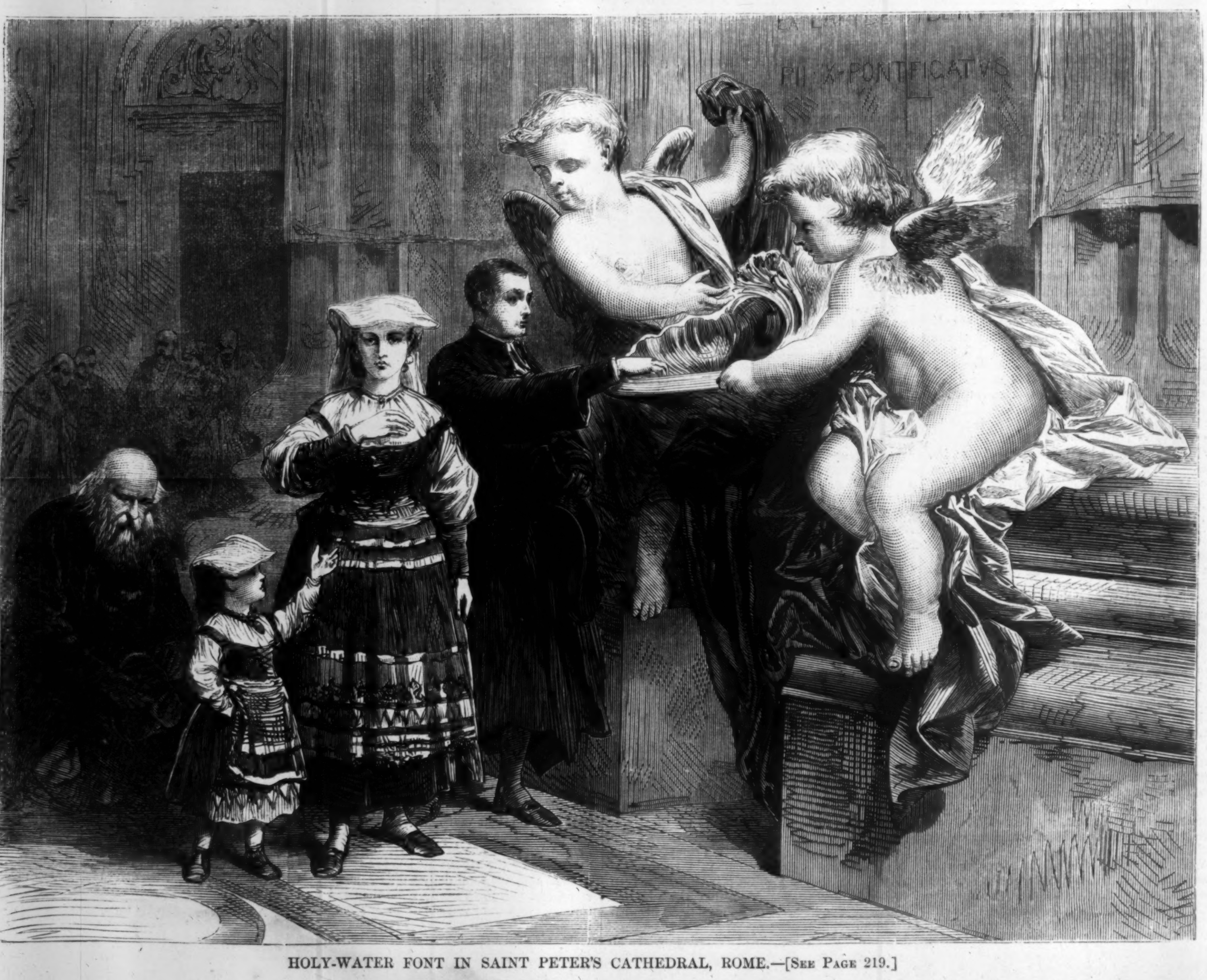
A soldier was wounded by a shell from Fort Wagner. He was going to the rear. "Wounded by a shell?" some one asked. "Yes," he coolly answered; "I was right under the darned thing when the bottom dropped out."

A Woman of Metal—A belle.

Philosophers say that closing the eyes makes the sense of hearing more acute. A wag suggests that this accounts for the many eyes that close in our churches on Sundays.



INITIATION OF A BENEDICTINE MONK.—[SEE PAGE 219.]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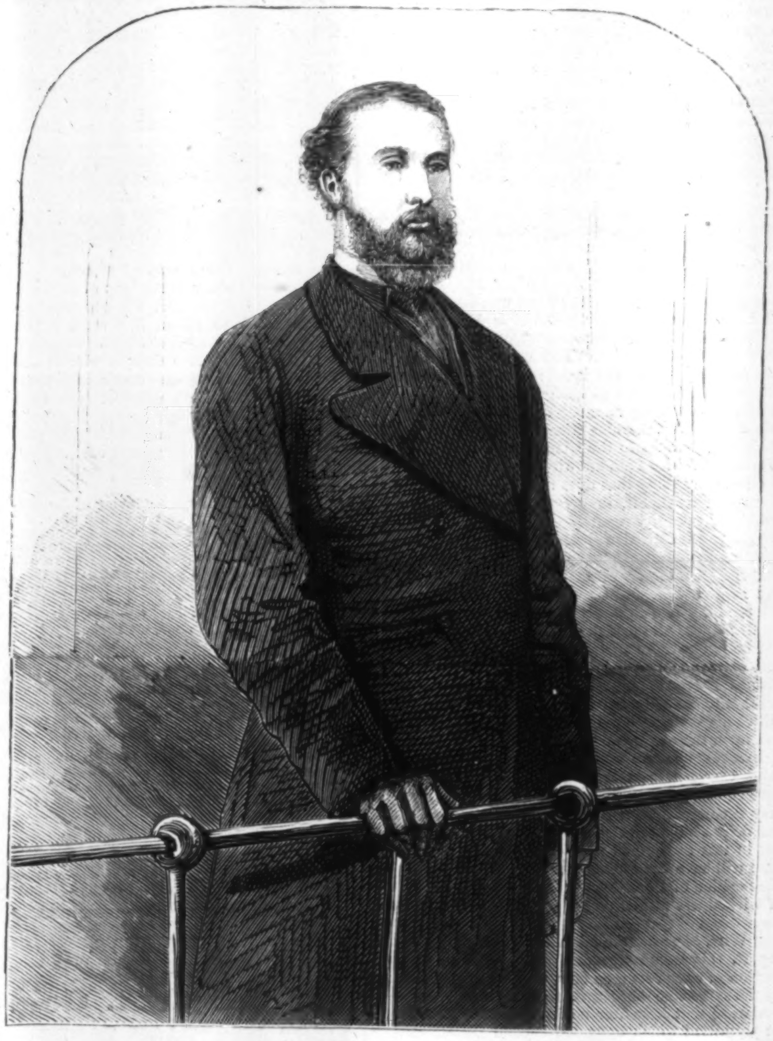
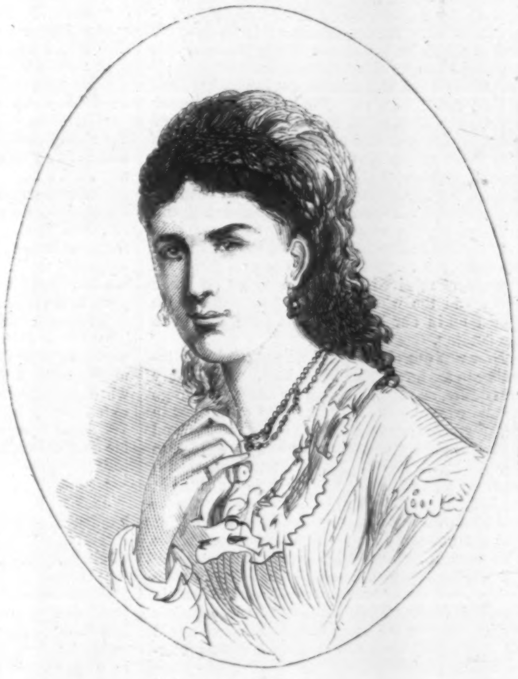
HOLY-WATER FONT IN SAINT PETER'S CATHEDRAL, ROME.—[SEE PAGE 219.]



THE PRINCE OF WALES IN THE WITNESS-BOX.



LADY MORDAUNT.

THE MORDAUNT SCANDAL.

THIS painful domestic scandal, which for some weeks past has filled the English newspapers, derives its principal interest from the fact that it involved the character of a Prince of the Blood and several persons of high rank. The details of the trial, as given in the English press, are so grossly indecent that the *Pall Mall Gazette*, after publishing the whole, makes a humble confession of its crime against society and morals, but endeavors to excuse its course on the ground that but for the "dread of public scandal—that potent dread—it is by no means improbable that in a few years what Lady MORDAUNT is said to have alleged in excuse would really have truth and validity: these crimes would only be what 'every body' permitted themselves to enjoy in gay society now and then. Lord PENZANCE himself seems to have hinted some such opinion, and it is one which we certainly hold." For it is no doubt true, adds the *Gazette*, "that for offenses such as are implied in this trial, especially when they are committed among rich great people, or what is called 'society,' publicity is the direst punishment, and the surest warning and safeguard." This is not a very flattering picture of the condition of English society.

Without going into these details, the main facts of the case are as follows: In 1866 Sir CHARLES MORDAUNT married a daughter of Sir THOMAS MONCREIFFE. The marriage proved an unhappy one; and several months ago Sir CHARLES commenced a suit for divorce, charging his wife with criminal familiarity with the Prince of Wales, Viscount COLE, and Sir FREDERICK JOHNSTONE. The defense was, that Lady MORDAUNT was insane, and unable to instruct her attorneys; and her mental condition was the issue before the court. It was given to the jury after a long and painful trial, and the verdict was that the lady was insane. The question of her guilt was not touched, and the jury were instructed that their finding in the present issue need not affect the main question of Sir CHARLES MORDAUNT proceeding with his suit for a divorce. If the lady was out of her mind now, and in the course of one, two, three, four, or five years she regained her reason, Sir CHARLES would have as good a right to sue for a divorce as if his wife had remained sane.

The great sensation of the trial was the appearance of the Prince of Wales in the witness-box, to answer the serious charges made against him. In the most solemn manner he asserted his innocence of all complicity in this miserable business; and his exculpation was received with great satisfaction by the English public. It is said that his mother wrote him a most affectionate letter of congratulation immediately after his examination, and invited him to call upon her with the Princess.

In connection with this outline of the most painful scandal that has occupied the English courts for many years, we give a portrait of the Prince of Wales as he appeared in the witness-box, and one of Lady MORDAUNT. We also give an illustration of Walton Hall, Sir CHARLES MORDAUNT's seat in Warwickshire. Walton Hall is a large, spacious building, designed by the celebrated architect Mr. GILBERT SCOTT, and constructed at a cost of £60,000. The Hall is beautifully situated; the grounds are splendid and well kept; and the surrounding neighborhood is exceedingly picturesque.

GOING ALOFT.

[See Illustration on Page 217.]

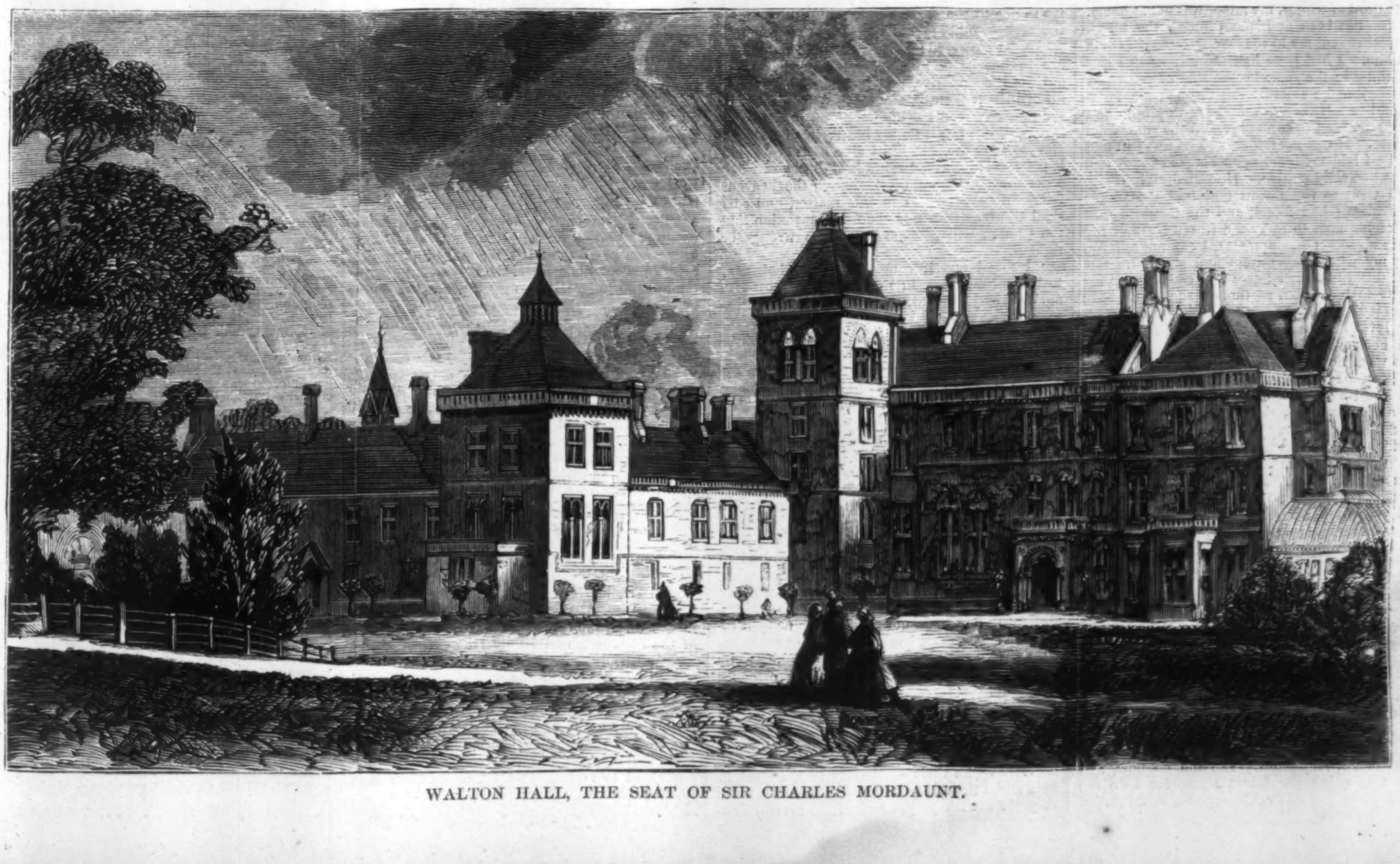
ONE evening a party of old ship-masters met at a social supper. After the cloth was removed, and the wine began to circulate freely, some of the older captains commenced spinning yarns about their own adventures at sea. Among the number was Captain Sutter, as fine a man and good a sailor as ever trod a deck. It was observed that he drank nothing but water; and when it became his turn to entertain the company with a story, he began as follows:

Well, shipmates, to show you why I don't and can't drink with you, so that you won't take my refusal as a mark of coldness or disrespect, I will give you a chapter from the story of my early sailor life. It is a very important chapter, too; for on the incident I am about to relate the whole of my subsequent manhood was built.

I was very young when I first went to sea, and at the age of fourteen I considered myself quite a sailor. When I was eighteen I was shipped on board an East Indiaman for a long voyage. There were six of us on board of about the same age, and we had about the same duties to perform. The ship—the old *Lady Dunlop*—was a large one, and our crew was large in proportion, there being fifty-two, all told. We "boys," as we were called, messed together, and in all other respects were separate from the rest of the crew, just as much as the officers were. Our captain was a noble-hearted, honorable man, kind and generous, but yet very strict.

Now we boys had learned, in the course of our travels, to drink our grog as well as any sailors. When we could get on shore we would invariably indulge in our cups, and not unfrequently would we come off in a state any thing but sober. I said "we," but there was one of our number who could not be induced to touch a drop of any thing intoxicating. His name was John Small.

Now Jack Small not only refrained entirely from drinking himself, but he used sometimes to ask us to let the stuff alone. He gave that job up, however; for we made such sport of him that he was glad to let us alone. But our captain had sharp eyes, and it was not long before he began to show Jack favors which he did not show to us. He would often take him on shore with him to spend the night, and such things as that, while we were kept on board the ship. That wasn't all. He learned faster than we did—he was a better sailor and had learned more of navigation. It got so at length that Jack was called upon to take the deck sometimes, when the officers were busy; and he used to work out the reckoning at noon as regularly as did the captain. Yet Jack was in our mess, and he was a constant eyesore. We saw that he was reaching rapidly ahead of us in every useful particular, and yet we wouldn't



WALTON HALL, THE SEAT OF SIR CHARLES MORDAUNT.

open our eyes. We were envious of his good fortune, as we called it, and used to seize every opportunity to tease him. But he never got angry in return. He sometimes would laugh at us, and at others he would so feelingly chide us that we would remain silent for a while.

At length the idea entered our heads that Jack should drink with us. We talked the matter over in the mess, when Jack was absent, and we mutually pledged each other that we would make him drink at the first opportunity. After this determination was taken we treated Jack more kindly, and he was happier than he had been for some time. We were on our homeward-bound passage, by the way of Brazil, and our ship stopped at Rio Janeiro, where we were to remain a week or so. One pleasant morning we six youngsters received permission to go on shore and spend the whole day; and accordingly we rigged up in our best togs and were carried to the landing.

Now was our chance, and we put our heads together to see how it should be done. Jack's very first desire, as soon as he got on shore, was to go up and examine the various things of interest in the city. He wanted to visit the churches and such like places, and to please him we agreed to go with him if he would go and take dinner with us. He agreed to this at once, and we thought we had him sure. We planned that after dinner was eaten we would have some light, sweet wine brought on, and that we would contrive to get rum enough into what he drank to upset him; for nothing on earth would please us more than to get Jack drunk, and carry him on board in that condition. Then we fancied the captain's favoritism would be at an end, and that he would no longer look upon our rival with more preference than upon ourselves.

Dinner-time came at length. It was a capital dinner, and we came to it with sharpened appetites. But when the wine was brought in, Jack not only refused to taste it, but declined to remain in our company. We cried out against him as a mean, stingy fellow, who thought himself too good to associate with us, and accused him, at last, of trying to step over our heads on the ship, and all the unpleasant things we could think of to make the poor fellow unhappy. At first he seemed to be inclined to leave us and return to the ship alone; but suddenly, in a quiet tone, he said, "Shipmates, listen to me a moment. Since matters have come to this pass I have resolved to tell you something which I never meant to reveal. My story is short. From my earliest childhood I never knew what it was to have a happy home. My father was a drunkard! Once he had been a good man and a good husband, but rum ruined all his manhood and made a brute of him. I can remember how cold and cheerless the winter used to be. We had no fire—no food—no clothes—no joy—no nothing—nothing but misery. Oh! how my mother prayed to God for her husband; and I, who could but just prattle, learned to pray too.

"When I grew older I had to go out and beg for bread. All cold and shivering I waded through the deep snow, with my clothes in tatters and my freezing feet almost bare. And I saw other children of my own age dressed warm and comfortable, and I knew they were happy, for they laughed and sang as they bounded along toward school. Those boys had sober fathers. I knew that their fathers were no better than mine had been once; for my mother had told me how noble my father could be if rum were not in his way.

"Time passed on and I was eight years old, and those eight years had been years of such sorrow and suffering as I pray God I may never again experience. At length, one cold morning, in the dead of winter, my father was not at home. He had not been at home through the night. My mother sent me to the tavern to see if I could find him. I had gone half the way when I saw something in the snow by the side of the road. I stopped, and a shudder ran through me, for it looked like a human form. I went up to it, and turned the head over and brushed the snow from the face. It was my father, and he was stiff and cold! I laid my hand upon his pale brow, and it was like solid marble. He was dead!

"I went to the tavern and told the people there what I had found, and the landlord sent two of his men to carry the frozen body of my father home. Oh, shipmates, I can not tell you how my poor mother wept and groaned. She sank down upon her knees and clasped that icy corpse to her heart, as though she would have given it life from the warmth of her own breast. She loved her husband through all his errors, and her love was all-powerful now. The two men went away and left the dead body still on the floor. My mother whispered to me to come and kneel by her side. I did so. 'My child,' she said to me, and the big tears were yet rolling down her cheeks, 'you know what has caused all this. This man was once as noble and happy and true as man can be, but oh! see how he has been stricken down. Promise me, my child, oh! promise, here, before God and your dead father, and your broken-hearted mother, that you will never, never, never touch a single drop of the fatal poison that has wrought for us all this misery!'

"Shipmates, I did promise all my mother asked, and God knows that to this moment that promise has never been broken. My father was buried, and some good kind neighbors helped us through the winter. When the next spring come I could work, and I earned something for my mother. At length I found a chance to ship; and every time I go home I have some money for my mother. Not for the wealth of the whole world would I break the pledge I gave my mother and my God on that dark, cold morning. That is all, shipmates. Let me go now, and you may enjoy yourselves alone, for I do not believe that you will again urge me to drink."

As Jack thus spoke he turned toward the door, but one of us stopped him.

"Hold on, Jack," said he, wiping his eyes. "You sha'n't go alone. I have got a mother, and I love her as well as you love yours, and your mother shall not be happier than mine; for I swear that she shall never have a drunken son. I'll drink no more!"

"Give me your hand, old fellow!" exclaimed the rest of us in chorus, starting from our seats; and before many minutes we all agreed to imitate Jack's noble resolution. We called for pen, ink, and paper, and made Jack draw up a pledge. He signed it first and we followed him, and when the deed was done I know we were far happier than we had been before for years. The wine upon the table was not touched, and the liquor we had drank during the forenoon was now all gone in its effect.

Toward evening we returned to the ship. There was a frown upon the captain's brow as we came over the side, for he had never known us to come off from a day's liberty sober. But when we all come over the side and reported ourselves to him his countenance lighted up. He could hardly give credit to the evidence of his own senses.

"Boys," said he, "what does this mean?"

"Show him the paper," whispered I.

Jack had our pledge, and without speaking he handed it to the captain. He took it and read it, and his face changed its expression several times. At length I saw a tear start to his eye.

"Boys," he said, as he folded up the paper, "let me keep this, and if you stick to your noble resolution you shall never want a friend while I live."

We let the captain keep the paper, and when he had put it in his pocket he came and took us each in turn by the hand. He was much affected, and I knew that the circumstance made him happy. From that day our prospects brightened. Jack Small no more had our envy; for he took hold and taught us in navigation, and we were proud of him. On the next voyage we all six rated as able seamen, and received full wages, and we left not that noble-hearted captain until we left to become officers on board other ships.

Jack Small is now one of the best masters in the world, and I believe that the rest of our party are still living, honored and respected men. Three years ago we all met, the whole six of us, at dinner again, and not one of us had broken that pledge which we made in the hotel at Rio. We had all stuck to the sea, and were then commanders of good ships.

That is my story; and now you know why I can't drink with you, and, as I said at first, will not take my refusal as a mark disrespect or want of good-fellowship.

METHODIST BOOK CONCERN.

HEAR BOTH SIDES.

"ONE word, Sir, with regard to the manner in which the minority report got into the secular press. When the minority had presented their report, and it had been rejected, they held a meeting and concluded not to throw their report before the public through the secular press, but through the first occurring Annual Conference. Next morning, Sir, I got up, came out of my room into the study of Mr. DANIEL DREW, with whom I lodged, and he handed me the New York *Tribune*, saying: 'Here is the report of the majority of the Committee.' I thought it was no time, Sir, to mince matters when the majority could not wait even for the official paper, and I sent word to Brother VERNON, the Secretary, who had the minority report, that he should give it at once to the secular press. 'Will *you* take the responsibility?' said the person to whom I spoke. I answered: 'Yes, Sir; these gentlemen are in hot haste to employ the secular press against the minority, and they shall have their fill of it.' If there is any thing wrong, then, in the minority report being published in the secular press, just put it on my head; I can stand it. Never in my life, Sir, did I stop to ask: 'What is popular?' I ask, 'What is right?' and when I see the right I will do it, though the heavens fall. So have I acted in this matter, and so I shall continue to act, in the firm conviction that the Church will demand that these wrongs be righted.

"I found myself compelled, Mr. Chairman, to be in New York in the month of February, against my judgment, to renew an investigation over which two weeks had been spent last November, at large expense to the Church and great inconvenience to the work. I was there representing an Episcopal district stretching from the Delaware line to the coast of Florida, and bound to maintain the rights of that district. Two members of that Committee, with myself, representing Episcopal districts, thought it our *conscientious duty* to reiterate in February what we had said in November, and not to *stultify ourselves before the Church and the American people.*

"The Book Committee required Dr. LANAHAN to make his communications in writing; and although Dr. LANAHAN complied, the Senior Agent, Dr. CARLTON, although required to do the same, never furnished an item, but, when the overwhelming statement of Dr. LANAHAN was read, got up and said he had no written statement, and could not refute the statement of his colleague. The truth is, he was overwhelmed, as were the members of the Committee, by the startling facts presented and the evidence sustaining them.

"Now, Sir, what do we see? The editor of an official paper throwing his iron flail at one of the publishers of the paper, and attempting to put down the minority of the Committee, who honestly spoke their sentiments to the Church. It is about time that the editors were taught that they are not the *proprietors* of the several Conference papers, but simply the servants of the Church. They are subject, as you know, Sir, to the authority of the same Book Committee, who, in the absence of the General Conference, have the power to suspend them.

"It is represented to the country that the Book Committee accepted the report of the minority, which is contrary to the truth; for they rejected it by a vote of 8 to 4, and afterward, when they proposed to reconsider it, I just reached my hand to the Secretary's table and put it in my breast-pocket. Finding they were in a trap, 'Mr. Chairman,' says one, 'I move a reconsideration of the vote, in order to have the document sealed up with the rest of the papers and sent forward to the General Conference.' I saw then that they wanted to get by the day of judgment, and, after they had shown their hands, I got up and said: 'Mr. Chairman, I hardly think it worth while for brethren to spend their time in reconsidering what is not before them. You had a paper before you, but you kicked it out; and now I give you notice that you will meet it at the Annual Conferences.' One member said, 'I am surprised that my venerable friend should clutch a paper that belongs to the Committee;' to which I replied, 'Where I am known I am not supposed to clutch any thing that does not belong to me.'

"I had tried, Sir, in every possible way, to get in the minority report, and said: 'You will certainly, as Christian gentlemen, extend the same courtesy to us that the Supreme Court extended to a minority of that body.' But I had just as well whistled to a whirlwind or talked to a tornado. The minority were treated in this unfair manner all through the examination; but, as I had gone there against my wishes, I determined to stay and see the end, regardless of the wrongs I witnessed. And now, Sir, I do not hesitate to say that if you fail to put the mark of this Conference upon the proceedings in this case, and upon the editors of this paper (the *Christian Advocate*), no man who goes hereafter to that Book Concern from this Episcopal district will dare to unearth any amount of defalcation that may occur, though it be as black as night. If you do not intend to stand by a Conference member in this affair, you need not expect that any man will have back-bone enough in the responsible position of Book Agent to reveal any amount of wickedness and wrong that may come to his knowledge.

"Why, Sir, after the adoption of this majority report, this Committee did solemnly, upon the motion of one of its members, adopt a resolution by the same vote that passed this majority report, declaring that hereafter no investigation should be permitted which extended beyond December 1, 1869; so that what they did see they glossed over, and what they did not see they covered up. What does such action mean?"

Question by Rev. B. P. BROWN: "Was there a single member of the Committee representing the minority placed upon the sub-committee to draft this report to the Annual Conferences?"

Answer: "Not one; nor on the Committee to draft the report to General Conference either. The minority were treated as if they had no rights in the Committee. When the LAWYER was brought in, Brother PIKE, of New Hampshire Conference, and myself, entered a written protest against his coming; but it amounted to nothing. Some of the Committee seemed more anxious to get the Assistant Agent out of the way by suspending him than they were to investigate the facts which he laid before them. I hope never to witness the repetition of the scenes enacted in that Committee."—*Extract from a Speech made by Rev. H. Slicer, D.D., before the Baltimore Conference, Tuesday, March* 8.

TAKING A WIFE ON LEASE.

A YOUNG and sprightly widow once appeared at a Bath masquerade with a paper pinned to her bosom bearing these lines:

To be let on lease for the term of my life,
I, Sylvia J——, in the shape of a wife:
I am young, though not handsome, good-natured, though thin—
For further particulars pray inquire within.

In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1788, the taking a lady on lease is treated as a sober reality; a Birmingham correspondent of Mr. Urban's writing: "Since my residing in this town, I have often heard there is a method of obtaining a wife's sister upon lease. I never could learn the method to be taken to get a wife upon lease, or whether such connections are sanctioned by law. But there is an eminent manufacturer in the vicinity of this town who had his deceased wife's sister upon lease for ninety years and upward; and I know she went by his name, enjoyed all the privileges, and received all the honors due to the respectable name of wife." Birmingham would appear to have a specialty for extraordinary contracts of this nature. In 1853, a woman who accused her husband of assaulting her, in giving evidence before the magistrates of that town, said she was not living with the offender, because he was leased to another woman. For the satisfaction of the bench the agreement was produced; it ran thus: "Memorandum of Agreement made and entered into this second day of October, in the year of our Lord 1852, between William Charles Capas, of Charles-Henry Street, in the borough of Birmingham, in the county of Warwick, carpenter, of the one part, and Emily Hickson, of Hurst Street, Birmingham, aforesaid, spinster, of the other part. Whereas the said William Charles Capas and Emily Hickson have mutually agreed with each other to live and reside together, and to mutually assist in supporting and maintaining each other during the remainder of their lives, and also to sign the agreement hereinafter contained to that effect. Now, therefore, it is hereby mutually agreed upon, by and between the said William Charles Capas and Emily Hickson, that they shall live and reside together during the remainder of their lives, and that they shall mutually exert themselves by work and labor, and by following all their business pursuits to the best of their abilities, skill, and understanding, and by advising and assisting each other, for their mutual benefit and advantage, and also to provide for themselves and each other the best supports and comforts of life which their means and income may afford. And for the true and faithful performance of this agreement, each of the said parties bindeth himself and herself unto the other finally by this agreement, as witness the hands of the said parties, this day and year above written." For this precious document five-and-thirty shillings had been paid to some unscrupulous limb of the law. It may be hoped it is unique; but one must allow the agreement, so far as it goes, is a fair one, and is just such a deed as may be expected to be drawn up between man and wife in the happy coming time when the clamorous preachers of the equality of both sexes of man shall have altered the laws affecting matrimony to the utmost of their desires, and established connubiality upon a proper commercial basis.

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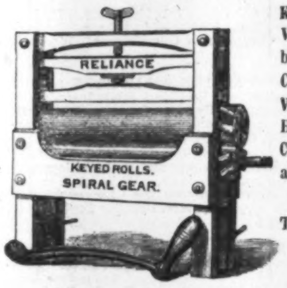
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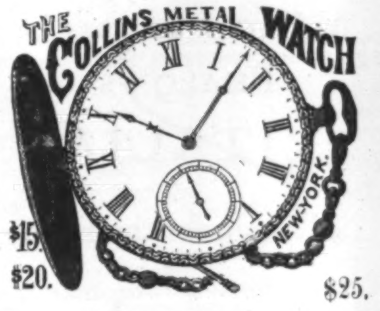

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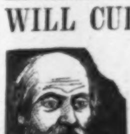

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